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Manners & Cvſtoms of yᵉ Englyſhe

DRAWN FROM ye QVICK

YE FASHIONABLE WORLD TAKING EXERCISE IN HYDE PARK

Presented to the

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

by

Hugh Anson-Cartwright

Manners & Cvſtoms of yᵉ Englyſhe

DRAWN FROM ye QVICK

BY RICHARD DOYLE

WITH EXTRACTS FROM

MR. PIPS HIS DIARY

BY PERCIVAL LEIGH

T·N·FOULIS
London & Edinburgh
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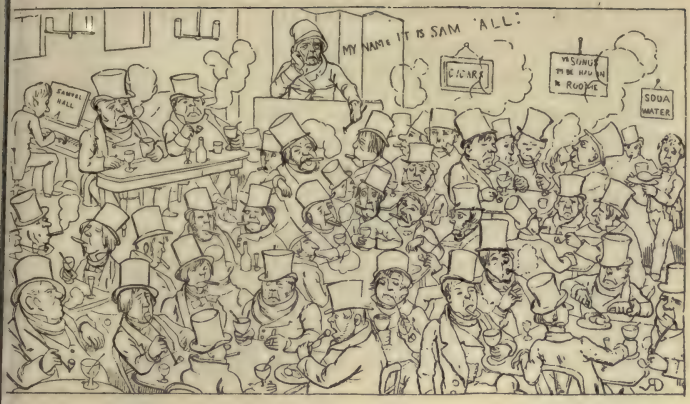
SUPPOSE THE GREAT-GRANDFATHER OF ANYBODY could step down from his picture-frame and stalk abroad, his descendant would be eager to hear his opinion of the world we live in. Most of us would like to know what the men of the *Past* would say of the *Present*. If some old philosopher, for instance SOCRATES, exchanging robes for modern clothes, lest he should be followed by the boys and taken up by the police, could revisit this earth, walk our streets, see our sights, behold the scenes of our political and social life, and, contemplating this bustling age through the medium of his own quiet mind, set down his observations respecting us and our usages, he would write a work, no doubt, very interesting to her MAJESTY'S subjects.

It would answer the purpose of a skilful literary enchanter to "unsphere the spirit of PLATO," or that of PYTHAGORAS, ARISTOTLE, or any other distinguished sage of antiquity, and send it out on its rambles with a commission to take, and report, its views of things in general. But such necromancy would have tasked even the Warlock of the North, would puzzle the wizard of any point of the compass, and, it is probable, could be cleverly achieved by no adept inferior to the ingenious MR. SHAKSPEARE.

However, there flourished in a somewhat later day a philosopher, for such he was after his fashion, a virtuoso, antiquary, and *F.R.S.*, whose ghost an inconsiderable person may perhaps attempt to raise without being accused of pretending to be too much of a conjuror. He appears to have been a *Peripatetic*, at least until he could keep a coach, but on the subjects of dress, dining, and some others, his opinions favour strongly of *Epicurism*. A little more than a hundred and eighty years ago he employed his leisure in going about everywhere, peeping into everything, seeing all that he could, and chronicling his experiences daily. In his *Diary*, which happily has come down to our times, the historical facts are highly valuable, the comments mostly sensible, the style is very odd, and the autobiography extremely ludicrous. I have

adventured reverently to evoke this worshipful gentleman, that, resuming his old vocation as a journalist, he might comment on the "*Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe*," in the name of Mr. Pips. I hope his shadow, if not his spirit, may be recognised in the following pages.

PERCIVAL LEIGH.



A CYDERE CELLARE DURYNG A COMYCK SONGE.

SATURDAY, *March* 10, 1849.

TO DRURY LANE THIS EVENING, TO SEE THE Horsemanship, which did divert me mightily; but had rather it had been at Astley's, which is the fitter Place for it. After that, to Supper at the Cider Cellars in Maiden Lane, wherein was much Company, great and small, and did call for Kidneys and Stout, then a small Glass of *Aqua-Vitæ* and Water, and thereto a Cigar. While we supped, the Singers did entertain us with Glees and Comical Ditties; but Lack, to hear with how little Wit the young Sparks about Town are tickled! But the Thing that did most take me was to see and hear one Ross sing the Song of SAM HALL the Chimney-Sweep, going to be hanged: for he had begrimed his Muzzle to look unshaven, and in rusty black Clothes, with a battered old Hat on his Crown and a short Pipe in his Mouth, did sit upon the Platform, leaning over the Back of a Chair: so making believe that he was on his way to Tyburn. And then he did sing to a dismal Psalm-Tune, how that his Name was SAM HALL, and that he had been a great Thief, and was now about to pay for all with his Life; and thereupon he swore an Oath which did make me somewhat shiver, though divers laugh. Then, in so many Ver-

ses, how his Master had badly taught him and now he must hang for it; how he should ride up Holborn Hill in a Cart, and the Sheriffs would come, and then the Parson, and preach to him, and after them would come the Hangman; and at the End of each Verse he did repeat his Oath. Last of all, how that he should go up to the Gallows; and desired the Prayers of his Audience, and ended by cursing them all round. Methinks it had been a Sermon to a Rogue to hear him, and I wish it may have done good to some of the Company. Yet was his cursing very horrible, albeit to not a few it seemed a high Joke; but I do doubt that they understood the Song and did only relish the Oaths. Strange to think what a Hit this Song of SAM HALL hath made, and how it hath taken the Town, and how popular it is not only among Tavern Haunters and Frequenters of Night Houses, but also with the Gentry and Aristocracy who do vote it a Thing that ought to be heard though a blackguard, and look in at the Cider Cellars Night by Night after Dinner at their Clubs to hear it sung. After SAM HALL, to pay for my Supper, which cost me 2s. 2d., besides 4d. to the Waiter; and then Home in a Cab, it being late, and I fearing to anger my Wife, which cost me 2s. more; but I grudged not the Money, having been much diverted, and so to Bed.

AN "AT HOME." YE POLKA.

WEDNESDAY, *March* 21*st*, 1849.

TO-NIGHT TO AN EVENING PARTY WITH MY WIFE, to SIR HILARY JINKS'S, whereunto we had been bidden to come at 10 of the Clock; for SIR HILARY and her Ladyship have taken to keeping rare Hours. Thereat was a goodly Company of about an hundred, and the Women all very fine, my Wife in her last Year's Gown, which I am tired of, and do hate to see. But did not tell her that, knowing she would have said how soon I might rid me of that Objection. We did fall to dancing Quadrilles, wherein I made one, and had for my Partner a pretty little black Damsel, whom after the Dance was ended, did hand to a Sofa, and thereon sit me by her Side; but seeing my Wife looking hard at us, did presently make my Bow, and go away. And, my Wife seated by the Wall, to walk about the Room, and speak with such as I thought like to tell me Something worth hearing, but told me Nothing I cared to hear, they all shunning to talk, and in their

white Ties, and Waistcoats, and Kid Gloves, starch, and constrained, and ill at Ease, which was ridiculous. Then to look on while some did dance the Polka, which did please me not much, for had beheld it better danced at the *Casino*, and do think it more suitable to such a Place than to a Drawing Room. The Young Fellows did take their Partners by the Waist, and these did lean upon the other's Shoulders, and with one Arm stretched out, and holding Hand in Hand, they did spin round the Room together. But, Lack! to see the kicking up of Heels and stamping of them on the Ground, which did mightily remind me of *Jim Crow*. In Truth, I am told that the Polka is but a Peasant's Hop, from Hungary, and to think now of Persons of Quality cutting such Capers! Sir Hilary to his Taste; but a Minuet for me at Home, with Gentlewomen, and a Polka with Milkmaids at a Maying or Show Girls in a Booth. Meanwhile the Servants did hand round Glasses of Negus, which was poor Stuff; and those who listed to Supper when they chose, in a side Room, off wretched Sandwiches of the Size of the Triangles of Euclid his *Geometry*, which did think shabby. Expected Chicken and Lobster Salad, with Champagne, and Oysters and Ale and Stout, but disappointed. Home in a Cab, at Two in the Morning, much wearied and little pleased; and on our Way Home, spying a Tavern open, did go and get me a Pint of Beer, and the same to my Wife; for we were both athirst, and she in an ill Humour about the Beauty I had danced with, and I because of the bad Supper; and so very ill-contented to Bed.

Ye Fashonable Worlde Taykinge its Exercyse in Hyde Parke.

Tuesday, *March 27th*, 1849.

THIS DAY TO THE RING IN HYDE PARK FOR A Walk to get me an Appetite, and look at the fine Folks and People of Fashion riding in their carriages, which it do much delight me to behold. But, good Lack! what a strange Notion of the Pleasure of a Drive; with the Carriages in a close Line jammed all together, and sometimes coming to a dead Stop like the Omnibuses in Fleet Street of an Afternoon, and seldom moving on faster than Mourning Coaches at a Funeral. Did see many mighty pretty young Ladies; and one sitting in a Landau with a Coronet on the Panel, upon whom I did smile, but perceiving that she did turn up her Nose at me, I did look glum; howbeit, another comely Damsel that I smiled at did blush and simper, which gave me Joy. It was as good as a Play to watch the young Guardsmen, with their Tufts and Mustaches, riding straight-legged, and them and the other Bucks taking off their Hats and kissing their Hands to the

charming Belles as they passed them by. But it was rarer still to behold a Snob that strove to do the same Sort of Thing, and did get laughed at for his Pains. Then what Sport to observe the fat Coachmen, in their Wigs, something like Bishops', sitting on their Boxes, and the Footmen behind with their parti-coloured Liveries of drab and green, and red and yellow Plush, and gold-laced Hats, Shoulderknots and Cockades, bearing their Canes, and their Noses to the Sky, holding their Heads as high as Peacocks for Pride in their Frippery and plump Calves! These Fellows are as fine as Court Cards, and full as Ridiculous, and they do divert me in the Extreme: only their bepowdered Pates do offend me, for I think the Fashion an uncleanly one; and after all, I wonder how their Masters and Mistresses can delight in dressing them out so much like Mountebanks. Did note divers Noble Lords and Gentlemen of the House of Commons whom I did know either by Sight or from the Caricatures in the Shop-Windows. From four to five o'-Clock around the Ring and up and down by the Serpentine to make my observations. Methought how jolly these fine People must be, and how happy they looked compared to a Beggar Boy whom I did spy squatting on the Grass: yet no Doubt many of them have Troubles enough, and some may be even short of Cash to pay for their Vanities. After that, to the Corner, by the Powder Magazine, nigh to Kensington Gardens, to see the Company a-light from their Carriages, and take an Inventory of the Ladies' Dresses, whereof to furnish an Account to my Wife. Then away home at half-past Five, and so to Dinner off a Shoulder of Mutton and Onion-Sauce, which my Wife doth make exceeding well, and my Dinner did content me much; and thereupon I did promise my Wife a new Bonnet, the Like whereof I had seen on a Countess in the Park, and so both in great Good Humour, and very loving all the Evening.

A DRAWYNGE ROOM DAY. SAYNTE JAMES HYS STREETE.

THURSDAY, *March 29th*, 1849.

TO SEE THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY, AND OTHER great Company, go to the QUEEN'S Drawing-Room, with a Friend to St. James's Street, where did stand in Front of BOODLE'S Club-House in the Rain, which was heavy, and spoiled my Paris Hat, cost me twelve Shillings. But the Sight of the Show almost worth the Damage; for the Red and Blue Uniforms of the Army and Navy Officers with their Orders on their Breasts, and their Cocked Hats and Plumes in their Laps, and the Ladies of Quality in their Silks and Satins of all Manner of Colours, and their Hair crowned with Ostrich Feathers, and sparkling with Pearls and Diamonds, did much delight me to behold. But I wish I could have had as good a View of the Gentlefolks within the Carriages as I had of the Lackeys outside, who, with their supercilious Airs, and their Jackanapes Garb, did divert me more than ever. I do continually marvel at the enormous Calves of those Varlets, for which

one might almost think they were reared, like a sort of Cattle. Indeed, I should have believed that their Stockings were stuffed, if I had not seen one of them wince when a Horse chanced to lay hold of his Leg. It did more and more amaze me to observe how high they carried their Noses, especially as most of them had Posies in their bosoms; whereas they looked as though, instead, there were some unsavoury Odour beneath their Nostrils. But much as the Servants resembled Zanies and Harlequins, yet did some of their Masters look not much better; being dressed in a Court Suit, which methinks do make a Gentleman seem a sort of embroidered Quaker. I do greatly wonder why the ugliest Apparel of any Date in English History should be pitched upon for the Court Dress. But the splendid Carriages painted with Coats of Arms, and the stately caparisoned Horses, did make a rare Show; and among them mighty droll to mark the Hack Cabs not suffered to enter at the Palace Gate; so the Fares had to alight and walk on foot the Rest of the Way to the Drawing-Room: and so into the Presence of Her MAJESTY in dirty Boots: which was not seemly; but many of them are Half Pay Officers, and other poor Subjects, who could afford no better than a Cab. Pleased to see the Police with their Truncheons, keeping Order among the Vagabonds, till one did tell me to move on, which did vex me. Then there were the Guards, in full Uniform on Horseback, with their Helmets on their Heads and their Swords drawn, about one under each Lamp Post, mounting Guard, and I believe this is the heaviest Part of their Duty. What with the blazing Uniforms and glittering Jewels, my Eyes were dazzled and my Head did somewhat ache; moreover, some pretty Faces put my Heart in a Flutter, which did not think fit to mention to my Wife. Methinks how fine it would be to ride in State to Court, if it were not so chargeable, and I should much delight in the Honour and Glory of the Thing, but not like the Expense. A Drawing-Room doth altogether eclipse the LORD MAYOR'S Show; although it do seem but a Toy and gilt Gingerbread Affair, and an empty, childish Display, like the Babies' Game of King and Queen; but then it hath certainly this Advantage, that it do much good to Trade.

SMYTHFIELD CATTLE MARKETE.

MONDAY, *April 9th*, 1849.

UP BETIMES, IT BEING SCARCELY LIGHT, TO Smithfield, to see the Cattle Market, which I do think a great Disgrace to the City, being so nasty, filthy, and dangerous a Place in the very Heart of London. I did observe the Manner of driving the Beasts together, used by the Drovers, which did disgust me. To force the Oxen into their Places, they have stout Cudgels, pointed with iron Goads or Prods, wherewith they thrust the Creatures in the flesh of their Hind Quarters, or with the Cudgel belabour them on the Hock. These means failing, they do seize the Animal's Tail and give it a sudden Wrench with a Turn of the Wrist, whereby they snap the Tail-bone, and so twist and wring the spinal Cord till he pushes forward as far as they would have him. Some, not getting Room for the Beasts in the Pens, do drive them into Circles called Ring Droves, with their hind Parts outwards, and their Heads forced as close as may be together: this done by beating them with all their Might about the Head and Eyes, and

between the Horns, which they do call pething them. Then to see how they crowd the Sheep into the Pens by dogging them as their Word is, which means baiting them with Dogs that do tear the Sheeps' Eyes, Ears, and Cheeks, until they worry such Numbers in, that not one can budge an Inch. All this Cruelty is caused by the Market not being big enough: for which Reason they are obliged to force the unlucky Brutes into the smallest possible Space. What with the Oaths and Curses of the Drovers and Butchers and the Barking of their Dogs and the Cries of the Animals in Torture, I do think I never heard a more horrid Din in my Life. The Hearing was as bad as the Seeing, and both as bad as could be, except the Smell, which was worse than either. But to be sure it was good Sport to see here and there a fat Grazier overthrown by a Pig running between his Legs, and so upsetting him in the Mire. It were well if it were never worse; but with mad Oxen driven from the Market through Streets full of People, it continually happens that some Person is tossed and gored, and one of these Days it will be an Alderman, and then Smithfield will be put an End to. No doubt it would have been done away with long ago, but for the Tolls and Dues which the Corporation do derive from the Market. This is why they do keep up a Nuisance which did well nigh poison me; though one of them at a Meeting did declare that he thought Smithfield salubrious, and did send his Children to walk there for Change of Air, which if it were for the better, methinks that Gentleman's Dwelling-House should be a sweet Abode. All but the Citizens do say that Parliament ought to abolish this Nuisance; but it is thought that my Lord John dare not stir in the Matter, because he is Member for the City. To Breakfast to an Early Coffee House, having lost my Pocket Handkerchief, cost me 5s., doubtless by the Pickpockets, of whom Smithfield, besides its other Recommendations, is a great Resort. But content, not having had an Ox's Horn in my Stomach, and having seen all I wanted, and do not wish to see any more.

A FEW FRIENDS TO TEA, AND A LYTTLE MUSYCK.

TUESDAY, *April* 17, 1849.

TO MR. JIGGINS'S, WHERE MY WIFE AND I WERE invited to Tea and a little Musique, but we had much Musique and little Tea, though the Musique was like the Tea in Quality, and I do prefer a stronger Kind of Musique as well as Liquor. Yet it was pleasing enough to the Ear to hear the fashionable Ballads, and the Airs from all the New Italian Operas sung by the young Ladies; which, though they expressed Nothing but common-place Love and Sentiment, yet were a pretty Sing-Song. But to see the young Fellows whilst a Beauty was singing crowd round her, and bend over her Shoulders, and almost scramble to turn over the Leaves of her Musique Book! Besides the Singing, there was Playing of the Piano Forte, with the Accompaniment of a Fiddle and Bass Violl, the Piano being played by a stout fat Lady with a Dumpling Face; but for all her being so fat it did amaze me to see how nimbly she did fillip the Keys. They did call this

Piece a Concerto, and I was told it was mighty brilliant; but when I asked what Fancy, Passion, or Description there was in it, no one could tell; and I verily thought the Brilliancy like that of a Paste Buckle. It had not even an Air to carry away and whistle, and would have pleased me just as well if I had stopped my Ears, for I could discern Nothing in it but Musical Sleight of Hand. But good Lack! to think how, in these Days, Execution is Everything in Musique, and Composition little or Nothing: for almost no Account is made of the Master, and a preposterous Value put upon the Player, or artiste, as the Frenchified Phrase now is! After the Concerto, some Polkas and Waltzes, which did better please me; for they were a lively Jingle certainly, and not quite unmeaning. Strange, to find how rare a Thing good Musique is in Company; and by good Musique I mean such as do stir up the Soul, like the Flowers and Sunshine in Spring, or Storms and Tempests, or ghostly Imaginations, or the thought of great Deeds, or tender or terrible Passages in Poetry. My Wife do play some brave Pieces in this Kind, by MYNHEER VAN BEETHOVEN, and I would rather hear her perform one of them, than all I did hear to-Night put together; and so I did tell her when we got Home, which did content her well. But every one to his Taste; and they who delight in the trivial Style of Musique to theirs, as I to mine, not doubting that the English, that have but just begun to be sensible to Musique at all, will be awake to the nobler Sort of it by-and-by. And, at any Rate, an Evening of insipid Musique and weak Tea is better than sitting toping and guzzling after Dinner.

Ye National Sporte ! ! ! of Steeple Chasynge.

Monday, *April* 23, 1849.

DOWN THE ROAD TO A STEEPLE CHASE, WHICH I had never seen before, and did much long to behold: for of all Things I do love Diversion and Merriment; and both Mr. Strappes and Sir William Spurkins did tell me there would be rare Sport. Got a Place in the Grand Stand, cost me half-a-Guinea, which was loth to part with, but thought I should have brave Entertainment for so much Money. Did find myself here in fine Company, Dukes, and Earls, and Lords and Ladies too, which did please me; but among them some Snobs, in Stable-cut-Clothes, with spotted Neckcloths and Fox-headed Breast-pins; though some of these were Lords too, who seemed to have been at Pains to look like Ostlers. To see the Crowd on Horseback and in Carriages, and those on Foot pushing and scrambling, and trampling each other to get a Sight of the Course, as if there had been going to be a Coronation, or a Man hanged! The Course, marked

out with Flags, and having Hurdles, Posts, Fences, Rails, Hedges, Drains, Ditches, and Brooks in the Way; and this Sportsmen do call the Country, and say such a Country is a Teaser, and so I should think. By-and-by Jockies in their Saddles, but their word is Pig-skins, looking, in their gay Colours, like Tulips on Horseback, which was a pretty Sight. Then a Bell rung to clear the Course, and the Horses with their Riders drawn up ready to start, and presently a Flag flourished for a Signal: and so they off. Good Lack, to see them galloping helter-skelter, like mad, through Rivers, and over Hedges and Ditches, and the whole Thing done in ten Minutes! Some did jump the Fences and Hedges, which they about me did term Raspers, clean over; but others not so lucky, and stuck in Brambles or on Stakes, or between double Rows of Posts, with a Quickset in the Middle, whereof the cant name is Bullfinchers. Others upset in Ditches; and one or two of them not able to get up again, and carried away upon some of the Hurdles; and when the Race was over, three Horses found lying with their Backs broken, and so shot. Sir William did inform me that it was a tidy Field, which I could not agree, with the Raspers and Palisades upon it, and the Horses spiked, or sprawling with their Riders on the Ground with broken Backs and Limbs. Nor did I understand the Fun of this Part of the Thing; wherefore I suppose I must be dull; for it do seem to be the chief Delight that People take in it. For, as if the Gates and Rails belonging to the Ground were not dangerous enough, they do set up others called made Fences, being stubborn Posts and Stakes twisted with Briars and Brambles, which do seem to be meant for Nothing but to be tumbled over, and in that Case to do as much Mischief, as may be, to Man and Beast. The Horses mostly ridden by Jockeys for Hire; but some by their Owners, who, methinks, do set a sufficient Value upon their own Existence when they venture their Necks in riding a Steeple Chase; but I do blame them for risking the Life of a useful Horse.

Ye Commons Ressolved into a Committe of ye Whole House.

Friday, *April* 27, 1849.

TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, WHERE AN IRISH DEbate on the Rate-in-Aid Bill, which did make me drowsy. The House in Committee ; the Irish Members moving all Sorts of frivolous Amendments, abusing the Government, and quarrelling among themselves. Sir H. Barron did accuse Mr. Reynolds of being ready to Vote away other People's Money because he had none of his own, and Mr. Reynolds did say that he never saw such Misery as on Sir H. Barron's Estate ; whereupon Sir H. Barron up in a Rage, and did deny the Fact with vehement Gestures, flourishing his Fists gallantly. Then Mr. Reynolds did fall foul of Mr. Bateson, one that had been a Captain, for questioning the Chancellor of the Exchequer concerning young Reynolds's Place ; and did make a Joke upon Mr. Bateson's Mustachios: whereat much laughter. But a small Joke do go a great Way in the House of Commons. Before the Debate, Lord John

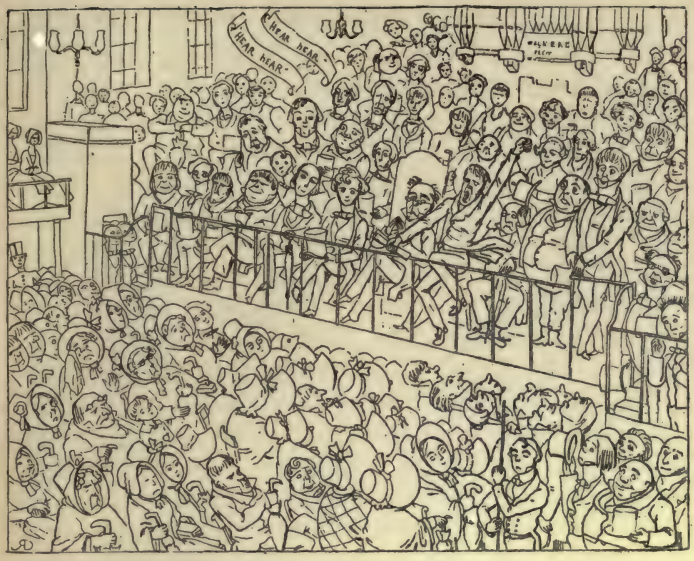
RUSSELL marching up one of the side Galleries, and taking the Measure of the House through his Eye-Glass : a sharp delicate little Man, with a mild Voice, but do carry himself stately. Methought his Observations amused him, for he smirked a little, and looked as if he knew the Customers he had to deal with. But to see him and the HOME SECRETARY and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER trying to persuade the Irish Members not to press their ridiculous Motions to a Division, wheedling and coaxing them, as smiling and civil as Haberdashers ! The Bill to be reported to-morrow ; and then the House to a little ordinary Business; and MR. HORSMAN'S Bill postponed, through the Irish cavilling and squabbling. Then a Debate on naming the Committee on Savings Banks; and made an Irish Question too ; the Dispute how many Irish Members were to serve on the Committee : and the End, the Naming of the Committee delayed. This Way of doing Business in the House of Commons makes it no Wonder how little is done; and the chief Cause is the Irish Members haranguing upon Nothing and quarrelling about Straws, which do seem to me a childish and spiteful Attempt to give Trouble to Government. I did hope to hear a Speech from SIR ROBERT PEEL, but was disappointed, which did vex me ; but heard a few Words from COLONEL SIBTHORP, which made mighty Laughter, and were as sensible as any Thing I heard all the Evening : and the Colonel in a brave Waistcoat, with his droll Figure did divert me much. Last of all, a Settlement of the Smithfield Committee: and I do wonder this became not an Irish Matter too. The House adjourning at half-past One in the Morning; and to see the Number of Members lying asleep on the Gallery Benches ! All this While Nothing whatever done of more Importance than Parish Business at a Vestry. I off to Supper in the Haymarket on pickled Salmon and Stout, cost me 1s. 6d., and then Home and to Bed, past 2 o'Clock, and my Wife do say that the House of Commons keep worse Hours than any Tavern in Town.

YE PUBLIC ITS EXCYTEMENTE ON YE APPEARANCE OF MISS LIND.

SATURDAY, *May* 5, 1849.

TO THE QUEEN'S HOUSE IN THE HAYMARKET TO hear JENNY LIND, whom Everybody do call the Swedish Nightingale. Did go with a Pit Ticket, cost me 8s. 6d., which is a mighty Sum of Money to pay for only the Chance of a Seat. Went at 6 p.m., expecting a Crowd, and there a Mob of People already at the Doors, and some did say they had come as early as Five. Got as close as I could to the Pit Entrance, and the Throng increasing; and by-and-by Ladies in their Opera Dresses standing without their Bonnets in the Street. Many of them between the Carriage Wheels and under the Horses' Heads: and methinks I did never see more Carriages together in my Life. At last the Doors open; which I began to fear they never would, and I in with the Press, a most terrible Crush, and the Ladies screaming and their Dresses torn in the Scramble, wherefore I thought it a good Job that my Wife was not with me. With much ado into the Pit, the

Way being stopped by a Snob in a green Jockey Coat and Bird's Eye Neckcloth, that the Checktakers would not suffer to pass. The Pit full in a Twinkling, and I fain to stand where I best might, nigh to Fop's Alley: but presently a Lady fainting with the Heat and carried out, which I glad of; I mean that I got her Place. I did never behold so much Company in the House before; and every Box full of Beauties, and hung with yellow Satin Curtains, did show like a brave picture in a Gold Frame; which was very handsome to look round upon while the Musicians were tuning. The Fiddles tuned, and the Overture played, the Curtain up for the Opera; which was the *Sonnambula*; the Part of *Amina* acted by JENNY. The moment she came on the Stage, the Audience, Lords, Ladies, and all, upon their Legs, shouting, cheering, waving Hats and Handkerchiefs, and clapping of Hands in white Kid Gloves. But at last they silent, and let the Nightingale sing: and for certain she is a wonderful Singer. It did amaze me to hear how easy and sweetly she do trill and warble the most difficult Passages: and I perceive she hath a rare Ability of Voice. But what did no less astonish me was her Acting, it being as good as her singing; for she did seem to forget herself in her Part, instead of her Part in herself; which is the Mistake of most Opera Singers. To think that she should draw the whole Town in Crowds together to hear her sing a few pretty Sugar-plum Melodies and portray the Grief of a poor Peasant Wench cast off by her Lover! But she do put a Grace and Beauty of her own into the Character and Musique: which I take to be the Mark of a true Genius. She made to sing divers Songs twice over, and called upon the Stage at the End of the Act, and again when the Opera was finished; when, good Lack, to see the Nosegays and Posies flung in Heaps upon the Stage! She must needs get a Mint of Money by her Singing; but she has spent a Deal of it in building Hospitals, and I do wish (Heaven forgive me!) I had all she has given away in Charity.



A PROSPECT OF EXETER HALL. SHOWYNGE A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN DENOUNCYNGE YE POPE.

WEDNESDAY, *May* 9, 1849.

WENT THIS MORNING TO EXETER HALL, WHERE one of the May Meetings that do regularly take Place at this Time of the Season, and serve in Lieu of Concerts and Shows to a Sort of People that call themselves serious. This, one of the Meetings of a Protestant Association, which I had heard much of and did long to go to, expecting to hear some good Argument against the Roman Catholiques. But instead of Argument, I did hear Nothing but Abuse, which do always go in at one Ear and out at the other. No new Point brought forward to confute Popery; but only an Iteration of the Old Charges of Superstition and so forth, urged with no greater Power than mere Strength of Lungs. The Commotions on the Continent last Year laid much Stress on, and the Turmoils in Catholique and Quiet in Protestant States contrasted, as though there had been no Disturbance or Trouble in Prussia

or Denmark, or any Tumult or Revolution in Belgium or Portugal. I did note two chief Speakers, whom, on their rising, the Assembly did applaud as if they had been Actors, and to be sure, they ranted more frantically than I did ever see HICKS. Yet at Times they stooped to Drollery in the Height of their Passion, and one of them did make such Sport of the Roman Catholique Religion as would not have been suffered in the Adelphi Theatre. But I do find that some who would not be seen in a Play-House can enjoy their laugh at Exeter Hall. This Orator was a Clergyman of some Kind, for he was called Reverend in the Hand-bill, and dressed in a clerical Habit, but his Eyes and Face blazing with Wrath, did storm like a Madman against the Maynooth Grant and the POPE OF ROME; and howled as fierce as a Hyæna. The other a Clergyman too, and looked as much like one, with his sneering angry Visage, and did vehemently harangue, crying bitterly out on some of my Lords and the Members of the Commons' House that had voted for Popish Endowment. His Oration a medley of Sarcasm, Invective, and Buffoonery, and wound up with a Flourish of Patriotism and Loyalty. The Speeches received with Applause and Laughter, but also with Interruptions and crying to turn Somebody out. The Speakers on a Platform, whereon they bounced backwards and forwards, having Rails in Front as if to hinder them from breaking loose on the Audience. Behind them a Crowd of dainty smooth Gentlemen in Black, with white Neckerchiefs, and to see how demure they looked, as if Butter would not melt in their Mouths! In the Body of the Hall a goodly Number of Heads, but by far the Most of them in Bonnets. The two chief Speeches lasted an Hour and a Half each, and the Chairman leaving his Seat, I away, my Head aching through the Raving. Such Violence, methinks, do only prove that there are other Bigots besides Papists; and is the worst Means of enforcing any Truth; for they that speak in Anger and Passion are commonly concluded by indifferent People to be in the Wrong. The Society complaining of want of Funds, which I do not wonder at, for I fear me the Subscribers have but few Catholiques converted for their Money.

Ye Exhybityon at ye Royal Academye.

Monday, *May* 21, 1849.

THIS MORNING WITH MY WIFE TO THE EXHIBITION of the Royal Academy, where 611 Paintings, besides Miniatures and other Drawings, and Pieces of Sculpture, making altogether 1341 Works of Art, and methought it would be strange if there were not some Masterpiece among so many. The Whole to be seen for the small Sum of 1s., and the Catalogue cost me 1s. more, but should have known all the old Hands as well without it. To see how easy it is to distinguish them by their Styles after two or three Years' Experience: as one by his Dogs, that might be expected to bark, or to talk rather, with their Looks and Ways like Human Creatures. Then another by his Colouring that do resemble a Mash of sweet Omelet with all the Colours of the Rainbow and many more; which methinks is a strange Fancy; but now he hath a Picture out of his trite Fashion; done after the Manner of the antique Masters, and a good Imitation. A third also by his

unadorned Beauties with their glowing Eyes and Cheeks and plump swarthy flesh, and a fourth by his never-ending Perspectives, and Gulfs of Darkness, and Mountains of Blue. But this year I do mark fewer of these old Acquaintances, and more of the Works of younger Men, wherein there is less of Knack and more of Freshness, which I do esteem a hopeful Sign. The Exhibition at large I judge to be a very excellent middling one, many Pictures good in their Kind, but that Kind in very few Cases high. The Silks and Satins mostly painted to Admiration, and the Figures copied carefully from the Model; but this do appear too plainly; and the Action generally too much like a Scene in a Play. In the historical Pictures the Characters dressed strictly in the Fashion of their Time, but in the best of them a Lack of Fancy and Imagination, though seeming original through a certain Quaintness that do smack of Church-Window Saints and illuminated Missals. The Landscapes better, and a most brave Morning on the Lake of Zurich by one that hath the right Stuff in him, and some sweet melancholy Shades and solemn Groves, and a Solitary Pool that did please me mightily, and my Wife do say that the Artist should be Commissioner of Woods and Forests. Some Pictures of common Life pretty enough, and a little Crowd before a pleasant sentimental one called the Duet. One or two droll ones, as the Slide, and Drawing for the Militia, did make me laugh; but to think how many Woodcuts as good as the best you can get in a little Miscellany published weekly, cost you 3d. Fewer silly Portraits of Gentlemen and Ladies than formerly, which is a Comfort. The Pictures fairly enough hung, and strange to see a dead Lion between MONSIEUR GUIZOT and PRINCE METTERNICH, as though to represent absolute Monarchy, and seemed meant for a Joke. Some Pictures in the Octagon Room, which could not tell whether they were good or no for Want of Light, and the same with all the Sculptures in their Lumber Hole. This is how we treat Art in this Country, and with Paintings presented to the Nation buried in a Vault, but sorry Encouragement is given to Genius; and no Wonder that Artists do Pictures for Furniture to sell to the great and small Vulgar, and so produce the Kind of Works that make up the greater Part of the Exhibition.

A VIEW OF EPSOM DOWNES ON YE DERBYE DAYE.

WEDNESDAY, *May* 23, 1849.—DERBY DAY.

TO EPSOM DOWNS TO THE GREAT DERBY RACE. IN a Barouche, with a Party, over Vauxhall Bridge, and by Clapham, carrying Hampers with Store of every Thing needful for a brave Lunch. The Windows and House Fronts crowded, and School-Boys mounted on Walls and Gates, and they and the Urchins in the Street shouting, as though we were going to the Races for their Amusement. But Lack! to see the pretty smart Damsels come out to gaze at us, or peeping behind Blinds and Curtains, all in high Glee, and good Humour do wonderfully heighten Beauty, as I do tell my Wife. The Road through Trees and Orchards, and the Sun shining through the young Leaves and on the Horse-Chestnut Blossoms, and the Flowers looking bright like the Lasses. So we on, till into the Ruck, which is the Jam of Carriages caused by the Stoppage at the Turnpike: and did banter each other and them about us. Across the Course to the Hill, the Admission cost

us £1. Good Lack! what a Crowd of People collected to see which out of six-and-twenty Horses should run the fastest, and what a Medley of Vans, Omnibusses, and Taxed Carts on either Side of the Course with the People in Front of them, and the Grand Stand crowded with Heads, plenty as Blackberries, and seeming like a huge Mass of them. A Throng of Carriages about us, whereon young handsome rakish-looking Gallants with Mustaches and Cigars. Here and there, in open Coaches, Ladies in lilac and blue Dresses, and pink Bonnets, and gay Ribbons, all Manner of Colours, looking, with the parti-coloured Flags over the Booths, mighty lively. Presently a Bell rung and the Course cleared, but then to see an unlucky Dog running to get out, and the Mob yelling at him, and the poor Dog in his Fright rushing straight on like mad! Then the Horses with the motley Jockies on them prancing up and down before the Grand Stand, to show their Paces to the Folks in the Betting Ring. At last, they taken to the Post, and so started with much Cheering, and came easy round Tattenham Corner; but presently away in good earnest, like Shot! The Chief Struggle between the *Flying Dutchman* and *Hotspur*, but Yellow-Cap did win by half a Length. The Winner declared by his Number, hung out in Front of the Grand Stand, and to see the Flock of Carrier Pigeons sent up to bear away the News; but Mr. Wagstaffe do say they were Nothing to the Pigeons left behind. The Race run in three Minutes, but to think of the Money lost and won in that little Time! My Lord Eglinton and the Public, as I hear, do gain much, and the Ring and Rogues do lose, which I am glad of. After the Race to a brave Lunch; but the Gipsy Women and Children did come and beg Morsels out of our Plates, which in the Midst of all the Luxury was a sorry Sight. Then about the Course to see the Company and the Flinging at Snuff-Boxes, and the Thimble-Rig, and some playing at Roulette and Hazard, but the Police did seize and break several of the Tables, and take away the Stakes. Great Sport returning Home, with the Shouting for the Winner, and trumpeting on Horns, and tossing of Snuff-Boxes and Toys to the pretty Lasses at the Windows.

A PROSPECT OF GREENWICH FAIR.

TUESDAY, *May* 29, 1849.—WHIT-TUESDAY.

DOWN THE RIVER WITH BROWNE TO GREENWICH to view the Fair. To the Park, where young Fellows and Hoydens at Archery, Donkey Riding, playing at Kiss-in-the-Ring, and running down the Hill, romping, tripping, and tumbling over Head and Heels, with Shouting, Screaming, and Laughter. Then down to the Fair, made in a narrow Space in the Town by a Couple of Rows of Booths and Sweet-Meat and Toy-Stalls, with Raree Shows at the farther End, and Swings and Roundabouts on the Outside. The Passage most insufferably crammed ; and we having to force our Way between Walls hung with Dolls and gilt Ginger-Bread. The Stalls and Booths crowded also, and the Tobacco Smoke rising from the Drinking Places like a Fog. Young Prentice Blades and Shop-Boys pushing about with large Masquerade Noses, and did entertain themselves more than me. But the chief Amusement of these Roysterers and the frolicksome Wenches do seem to be scratching People behind, with a Scraper, which is a notch-

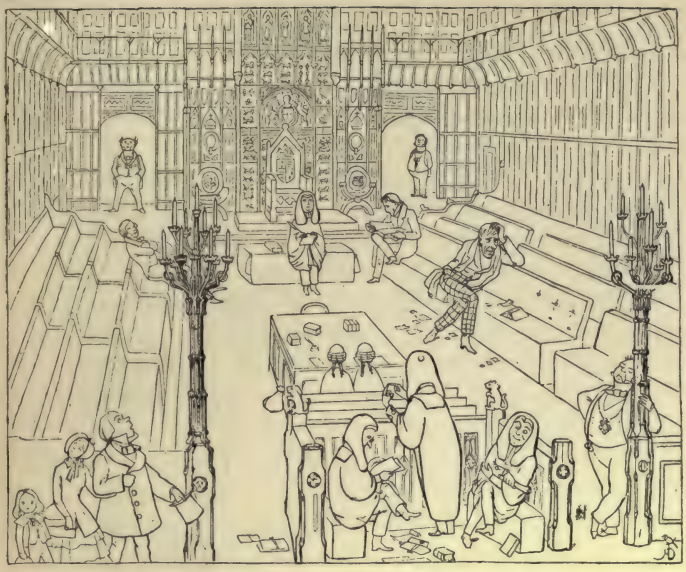
ed Disk of Wood, that turns on an Axle in a Mortise, with a Handle some six Inches long, and being dragged down a Man's Back, do make him believe that his Coat is torn, as I thought mine was, when first served so, which did trouble me. With this Noise of continual Tearing, and the Squeaking of Tin Trumpets, and blowing of Whistles, and half-a-dozen different Bands playing as many Tunes, is altogether made a most discordant Musique; and the Showmen bellowing to the Spectators to walk up, do increase the Babel. Strange to see the Lads and Lasses, heaved up and down, over and under, in the Swings, and to think what Pleasure they can take in such a Motion, which methinks a Physician might prescribe in Lieu of a Sea Voyage. With much Ado, to RICHARDSON'S Show, where a Tragedy, a Comic Song and a Pantomime all in Half an Hour, and the Tragedy accompanied on Whistles and Penny Trumpets by the Audience. But the best of the Fun outside, between the Performances, with the Beef-Eaters' Band playing, and the Show-Girls in their Spangles and Paint, dancing, and the Clowns grimacing and flinging Summersets, and the Robber Chief standing in a brave Posture in the Corner. Store of Fat Ladies, Wonderful Pigs, Giants and Dwarfs to see, and Conjurors in Plenty, specially in the Crowd, conjuring Handkerchiefs out of Pockets. In the Evening to the great Dancing-Booth, which lighted up and hung with variegated Lamps, was, to be sure, a pretty fine Sight. But the Company uproarious through Drink; and yet the Dancing without Liveliness, being mostly that rogueish Chin-and-Shoulder French Dance, gone heavily through. Here again that perpetual Scraping, and they who sold the Scrapers, did cry, "All the Fun of the Fair for 2d."; which was true. Home by the Railway Train, wherein the tipsy Passengers bawling and singing the whole of the Way. Methinks these Fairs do cause a Concourse of Rogues and bad Characters; and the more good cheap Concerts abound, and Museums and Exhibitions are opened to the Public, the less will the People frequent such Places as Greenwich Fair.

KENSYNGTON GARDENS WITH YE BANDE PLAYINGE THERE.

FRIDAY, *June* 1, 1849.

IN THE AFTERNOON TO KENSINGTON GARDENS, where a Band of the Guards do play on this Day, and also on Monday throughout the Season, and draw together a great Crowd of Fashionable Folks. The Tunes played mostly Polkas and Waltzes, though now and then a Piece of Musique of a better Sort; but the Musique little more than an Excuse for a Number of People assembling to see and be seen. There all the World and his Wife; and she in all her Finery. The Day very fair, and the Sun shining gloriously, and the bright coloured Silks and Muslins at a Distance between the Trees, did make a mighty pleasant Picture. But I got as near as I could to gaze upon the Beauties, and am afraid that I did look too hard at some; but they mostly smiled, and methinks they do not trick themselves out so bravely to discourage Observation. To see them pacing to and fro in such smart Attire, with their shewy pink, and green, and Forget-me-not Blue Parasols, I

could fancy they were the London Fashions for June come out a walking. But many on Seats with tall well-looking Gallants posted beside them, or bending down to converse with them with vast Attention and Politeness, whereat they seeming mightily pleased. Others standing in Groups here and there under the Shade, and a great Throng of them round about the Musicians; but all walking to and fro between the Tunes to show themselves. Many of the Army among the Crowd, and strange, to compare them and others of our Gentry, in Air and Manner, with one or two dingy Foreigners with their stubbly Beards and ill-favoured Looks. The little fashionable Children by the side of their Mammas elegant enough to see; but overdressed in their Velvet and Plaid Tunics and Plumes of Feathers, and their Ways too mincing and dainty, and looking as though they had stepped from out a Band-Box. Methinks they do seem brought up to think too much of their Outsides, and to look on Display and Show as the Business of their Lives, which is a silly Schooling. I did mark some of their Mothers, old enough to know better, bedizened like the young Beauties, but looking sour and glum, and plainly ill at ease in their Pride and Vanity. But it divert me much to compare the delicate Children with some Charity-School Urchins on the other Side of the Wall that did anger the Park Keeper by mocking him. I doubt me that the young Leatherbreeches be not the happier as long as they can get a Bellyful of Victuals. The Company doubtless enjoying themselves after their Fashion, but in general looking marvellous grave; and strange to shut my Eyes between the Tunes and to hear Nothing but the Rustling of Dresses and a Murmur of Voices as they did walk up and down. It is wonderful how we English do go through our Amusements after the Manner of a solemn Ceremony. Yet do the people of Fashion in Kensington Gardens make an exceeding rare Show; and I do only wish that there were no Reverse of the Picture to be seen among us. But their Finery do afford Employment to Work-People, and I do thank them for parading themselves for my Amusement, and the Officers of the Guards for treating the Town to Musique, and so giving Occasion to such a fine Spectacle.



HYGHEST COURT OF LAW IN YE KYNGDOM. YE LORDS HEARYNG APPEALS.

THURSDAY, *June* 7, 1849.

UP, AND TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WHERE A COMmittee of Privileges touching a disputed Peerage, but I did only go for a Sight of the Inside of the House, well worth seeing; and the Carving, and Gilding, and Blazoning, a rich Feast to the Eye. There present none but my LORD BROUGHAM and my LORD CAMPBELL, and three or four other Lords, but a smaller Muster do often serve for a Court of Appeal; for their Lordships do trust all their Law Business to the Law-Lords' Hands. Counsel speaking at the Bar of the House, and the Clerks of the House before them at the Table, all in their Wigs very stately, but my Lords lolling on the Benches, free and easy, they only having the Right to make themselves at Home, yet droll to see the Officers of the House forced to stand, but some of them leaning against the Stems of the gilt Candlesticks, fast asleep on their Legs. Did think I should go

to sleep too, if I stayed much longer, and about to depart; but glad I did not; for presently the Counsel made an End, and then my LORD BROUGHAM examining a Witness was almost the best Sport that I ever had in my Life. The Witness, one of the Attornies for the Claimant of the Title, and LORD BROUGHAM suspecting some Trickery in the Case, and good Lack! how he did bait and ferret him to draw it out, asking the most peremptory Questions, and sometimes a second before the first could be answered, firking with Impatience like one smarting with Stinging Nettles: which was great Mirth. It did well-nigh cause me to laugh outright, and commit a Breach of Privilege, to hear him in a Fume, echo the Witness's Answers, and cry Eh? What! How! Why? and Wherefore? and demand how he could do this, or came not to do the other, and how was that, and so forth, and then set his Memory right, next made a short Speech, then give a little Evidence of his own, and again go back to the Examination. It seemed that the Pretender to the Peerage had been helped with Money to maintain his Suit by certain Persons, and my Lord did strive to worm out of the Lawyer their End therein: but to no Purpose; for he had met with his Match; so forced to content himself with a Quip on the Chances of the Witness's Client. Then another Witness examined; a Chirurgeon, whom LORD BROUGHAM did make merry with for his jolly good-natured Looks, and did jest upon concerning his Vocation: and the other did bandy Jokes with my Lord, and gave him as good as he brought. Methinks such Bantering is strange of a Peer, and one that hath been Lord Chancellor and used to sit on the Woolsack, or anywhere else but the Box of an Omnibus. But strange, how sober a Speech in summing up the Evidence my Lord did make after all; and no Doubt he can be reasonable and quiet when he pleases. Save a few words from LORD CAMPBELL, not a Syllable spoke but my LORD BROUGHAM; wherefore methinks he must have been thoroughly happy, having had nigh all the Talk to himself. But the highest Court of Law in the Realm numbering so few, put me much in mind of the Army in *Bombastes Furioso.*

THE FLOWER SHOWE AT CHYSYK GARDENS.

SATURDAY, *June* 9, 1849.

MY WIFE HOLDING ME TO MY PROMISE TO TAKE her to the Chiswick Flower Show, and I could not break it; for certainly the poor Wretch do drudge in the House like a Slave; and so often as I go out for Pleasure myself, methinks it were well to give her a Treat now and then, to ease my Conscience, and keep her quiet also. So took her, though our two Tickets together came to 10s., and we thither in an Omnibus, and the Fare doubled on the Occasion, instead of 1s. cost me 2s. more, which made me mad. A rare Sight, nigh the Gardens, to look out on the Line of Carriages behind us, and methought how mean and paltry it seemed to be riding in an Omnibus; and was in some Trouble lest any of our acquaintance should be in the Carriages, and see us 'light. At the Passage to the Gardens beset by Fellows with Shoe-Brushes and Clothes-Brushes, importunate to brush my Coat and Boots, that were clean enough, but only to earn 4d. or 6d. Our Tickets

delivered, and we into the Grounds with a Stream of Company, and followed them and our Ears to a Band of Musique, the Horse Guards playing hard by a Grove of Rhododendrons in full Bloom, and a Mob of Beauties round about them more blooming still. Heard a Medley-Piece of Scraps of most of the Operas that I knew; which was better Musique than I expected. Then to the Tents, where the Prize-Flowers are shown, on high Stands as long as a moderate-sized Barn: and there a pretty Display of Orchids, Azaleas, Cactuses, Pelargoniums, and Heaths, very rare and curious, and a few choice Roses; but I expected to see Roses as big as Cabbages. Many of the Flowers finely variegated, and giving forth a Perfume sweeter than ATKINSON his shop. Strange how to some of the Pelargoniums were given the names of GRISI, ALBONI, MARIO, and other Opera Singers: and MR. WAGSTAFFE do say it is Musique in a Flower-Pot. After seeing the Flowers, to stroll about the Walks and among the Trees, and view the Flowers without Stalks, which I do admire most of all, and a brave show they were, drest out in their gayest, and smiling as if resolved to look as pretty as they could; and looking all the brighter for the Sun shining without a Cloud to be seen: whereby out of Pain for my Wife's pink Bonnet, which, if spoiled by the Rain usual at this Show, had been £2, 2s. gone. The Bands from Time to Time beat a March about the Garden; when to see the fine Ladies and Gentlemen follow at the Soldiers' Heels, natural as ragged Street-Children! At last all played together, and ended with *God Save the Queen*; when the Flowers wheeled away. But the Company remaining, some sitting on Benches to make a Lane, and the Rest of the Multitude walking up and down to be seen, and the Beauties showing off their Graces, which I did inspect from Head to Foot. My Wife beginning to admire a certain Satin; so knowing what this signified, away, and home to a Leg of Mutton; thinking of the State of the Nation, which should not be so mighty gloomy to judge of it by Chiswick Flower Show, and wondering how much all the Finery there cost, and where all the Money could have come from.

"SOCYETYE" ENJOYINGE ITSELFE AT A SOYRÉE.

FRIDAY, *June* 15, 1849.

AFTER A DINNER OFF BUBBLE AND SQUEAK, MY Wife and I to my LORD WILKINSON'S At Home, by invitation; though Heaven knows if ever I set Eyes on his Lordship in my Life or he on me; but do ascribe this Honour to having my Name put down in the *Court Guide*, and am glad to find the Consequence and Importance I have got thereby. I in my new Suit of Black and Silk Neckerchief, with a Fringe at the Ends, and my Wife did wear her Lace Dress over her pink Satin Slip, which was very handsome. Gave our Card to a Lackey in Yellow and Crimson Livery, with a huge Shoulder-knot, who did shout out our Name, which, passing along a Row of his Fellows lining the Stairs, was by the Time it reached the Drawing-Room changed to PIPPINS—but no matter; and so we were presented to my Lord and my Lady. So on in the Crowd; for my Lord's Drawing-Room as thronged as the Opera Pit Entrance on a Thursday Night. Methought surely

there was Something worth seeing and hearing; but saw nothing extraordinary beyond the Multitude of Company, and divers Writers, Painters, and other Persons of Note, elbowing their Way through the Press; nor heard anything but Puffing and Gasping, and complaining of the terrible Heat. Several Ladies fainting; and my Wife declaring she feared she should faint too, which made me mad; for it is always the Way with Women at Spectacles and Assemblies, and yet they needs must and will go to them. At some Distance before us, a Bustle and Stir, and in the midst of it a Lackey with a Tray, whereon were Ices—the People struggling for them; and I also strove to get one for my Wife; but the Attempt vain, and we borne clear away by the Current to the other side of the Room. Some young Beauties there, whom to have looked upon at my Ease, and they at theirs, would have been a great delight; but they in such Discomfort, that it quite spoilt their Prettiness, which was pitiful. We met Dr. Dabbes the great Chemist, with whom some pretty Discourse concerning the Air of crowded Rooms, which he said do contain a Gas called Carbonic Acid, and is poisonous, and we were now breathing too much per Cent. of it, which did trouble me. To think what Delight fashionable Folks can take in crowding together, to the Danger of Health, a Set of People, for the most Part, Strangers both to them and to one another! Away early; for we could endure the Stifling no longer: and good Lack, what a Relief to get into the open Air! My white Kid Gloves soiled, cost me 3s. 6d.; but am thankful I carried with me my Spring Hat, which do shut up; and did chuckle to see how many others got their Hats crushed. Home in a Cab, and on the Way bought a Lobster, whereunto my Wife would have me add a Bottle of Stout, which did think a good Notion; cost me together 3s. 6d., and the Cab 2s. 6d. more, and then to Supper; mighty proud that I had been invited by my Lord, though utterly tired with his Party, and so with great Satisfaction, but much Weariness, to Bed.

A VIEW OF MR. LORDE HYS CRYKET GROUNDE.

MONDAY, *June* 18, 1849.

THIS DAY A GREAT CRICKET MATCH, SURREY Against England, at LORD'S, and I thither, all the Way to St. John's Wood, to see the Place, having often heard Talk of it, and the Playing, which MR. LONGSTOPPE did tell me was a pretty Sight. Paid 6d. to be let in, and 2d. for a Card of the Innings, and bought a little Book of the Laws of the Game, cost me 1s. 6d. more, though when I had got it, could hardly understand a Word of it; but to think how much Money I spend out of Curiosity, and how inquisitive I am, so as to be vexed to the Heart if I cannot thoroughly make out every Thing I see! The Cricketing I believe very fine; but could not judge of it; for I think I did never before see any Cricket since I was a little Varlet Boy at School. But what a Difference between the Manner of Bowling in those Days, and that Players now use! for then they did moderately trundle the Ball under-hand; but now they fling it over-handed from the Elbow, as

though viciously, and it flies like a Shot, being at least Five Ounces and a Half in Weight, and hard as a Block. I saw it strike one of the Batmen on the Knuckles, who Danced and shook his Fist, as methought well he might. But to see how handy some did catch it, though knocked off the Bat by a strong Man with all his Force; albeit now and then they missing it, and struck by it on the Head, or in the Mouth, and how any one can learn to play Cricket without losing his front Teeth is a Wonder. The Spectators sitting on Benches in a Circle, at a Distance, and out of the Way of the Ball, which was wise; but some on a raised Stand, and others aside at Tables, under a Row of Trees near a Tavern within the Grounds, with Pipes and Beer; and many in the Circle also Smoking and Drinking, and the Drawers continually going the Round of them to serve them Liquor and Tobacco. But all as quiet as a Quaker's Meeting, except when a good Hit made, or a Player bowled out, and strange to see how grave and solemn they looked, as if the Sight of Men in white Clothes, knocking a Ball about, were Something serious to think on. Did hear that many had Wagers on the Game, but doubt it, for methinks there had been more Liveliness if much Betting, and Chance of winning or losing Money. The Company very numerous, and among them some in Carriages, and was glad to see so many People diverted, although at what I could not tell. But they enjoyed themselves in their Way, whatever that was, and I in mine, thinking how droll they looked, so earnestly attending to a mere Show of Dexterity. I, for my Part, soon out of Patience with the Length of the Innings, and the Stopping and Interruption after each Run, and so away, more tired, I am sure, than any of the Cricketers. Yet I do take Pride, as an Englishman, in our Country Sport of Cricket, albeit I do not care to watch it playing; and certainly it is a manly Game, throwing open the Chest, and strengthening the Limbs, and the Player so often in Danger of being hit by the Ball.

A RAYLWAYE MEETYNGE. EMOTYON OF YE SHAREHOLDERES AT YE ANNOUNCEMENTE OF A DIVIDENDE OF 2½d.

MONDAY, *July* 2, 1849.

COMES MR. STAGGE TO TAKE ME TO THE GREAT Railway Meeting at a London Tavern; and we up the Back Stairs to the Platform among the Directors, and glad of so good a Place; but fearing to be taken for one of my Company, did get behind a fat Man to hide myself. The Shareholders below met to hear their Affairs debated, and what a Collection of wry and doleful Faces! Methought the poor anxious Parsons and eager Half-pay Officers among them was a pitiful Sight. Looked hard about for the Railway King, but MR. STAGGE did say in my Ear he was not likely to show his Face. The Secretary reading Bills to be brought into the Parliament to join other Railways with this, and all the while interrupted by the Shareholders with Noise and Outcries; but at last got through. Then the Chairman did propose that the Bills be ap-

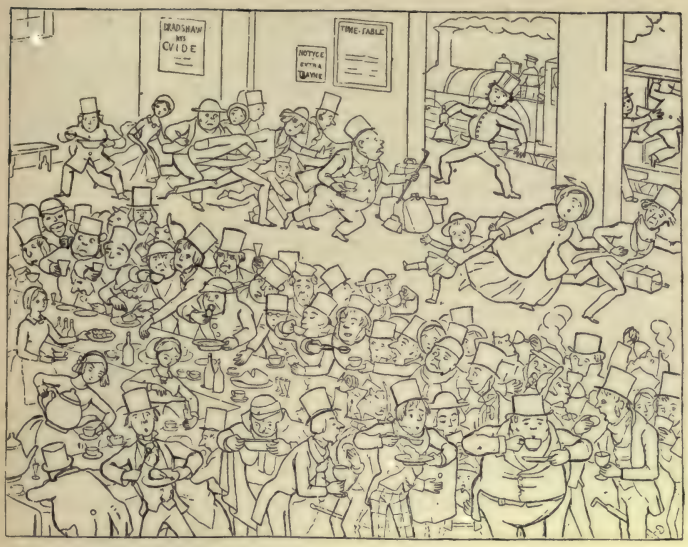
proved of; but an Amendment moved with much Clapping of Hands that the Meeting do adjourn for one Month to examine the Company's Accounts; which they do say have been cooked. Upon this a long Speech from a Director, denying that it was so, and One made answer to him in a bouncing, ranting Harangue; but to hear how the Shareholders did shout and cheer whenever he accused the Board of a Piece of Roguery! He complained that Proxy Papers had been sent out by some for Votes, whereby to gain their own Ends, at £900 Expense to the Company; whereat more Uproar, in the midst whereof he moved another Amendment; when the Noise greater than ever, with Groans and calling for Dividends; and several in the Meeting strove to speak, but could only wag their Jaws and shake their Fists at the Chairman, and he imploring Quiet in Dumb Show. Howbeit, one old Gentleman got Attention for a Moment, and in great Wrath and Choler did declare that the Directors' Statement was all Humbug. Then Another, with much ado to get a Hearing, did move a third Amendment: and after that, more Wrangling and Jangling, until the only Man of any Brains I had yet heard, up and showed the folly of moving Amendment on Amendment. So the first and last Amendment withdrawn, and the second put to the Vote, and lost, and then the Chairman's Resolution put and lost also, and the Shareholders hooting and hissing, and shouting "Shame!" and crying that they could not understand the Question. So the Amendment and former Resolution both put over again, and both again lost; whereupon the Shareholders stark mad, and rushed in a Mob on the Platform, raving at the Chairman, who jumped up in his Chair, throwing his Arms abroad, and shrieking for Silence; till at last a Poll determined on to decide whether for Adjournment or not; and so the Meeting brought to an End in as great a Hurly-Burly as I ever heard; and a pretty Chairman methinks they have to keep Order, and brave Directors to cook their Accounts, and their Meetings do seem as confused as their Affairs; and thank my Stars, I have not sunk my Money in a Railway.

A PROSPECT OF YE THAMES ITS REGATTA.

TUESDAY, *July* 10, 1849.

SENT MY VEST TO THE TAILOR'S TO BE LET OUT in the Back, and my Wife and every Body say I grow too stout, which do put me in mighty Pain lest I should lose my Shape; wherefore I have resolved to take a long Walk daily, for Exercise, to bring down my Fat. So begin this Day, and set out to walk to Barn-Elms, by the way of Hammersmith, on a brave melting Afternoon. I did muse at the Carriages and Omnibuses that passed me, crowded both inside and on the Roof, and the People upon them whooping and blowing Horns, as the British Public always do when they ride to see any Sport. At Hammersmith found what all this meant, everyone there hastening to the River, this being the first Day of the Thames Regatta, and the Suspension-Bridge thronged, and Festoons of Spectators on the Chains. Did go upon the Bridge, cost me ½d. toll, but would not have missed the Sight for 6d. or 1s.; for the Thames with Boats scattered all over it,

their Flags fluttering, and their Crews shouting and laughing full of Fun and Glee, made a lively Picture; and also I was just in the Nick of Time to see a Race; four Boats of as many Oars darting under the Bridge at full Speed, while the Beholders cheered and halloaed with all their Might, and a Bell rung, and a Band of Musique upon the Bridge Pier did play "Love Not." Good Lack! how wrapped up the People did seem to be in the Race, and did now cry for Blue to go it; and then Red, and then Pink, and at last that Red had it, meaning the Colours of the Rowers, which indeed looked very smart and spruce. Over the Bridge, and, instead of to Barnes, down the River, along the Towing Path, which was also thronged with Folks running to and fro, all Eagerness and Bustle. So to Putney, and there the Multitude greatest both on the Bridge and the Shore, and FINCH his Ground to the Water-Side quite a Fair, with Fat Ladies and Learned Pigs and Gilt Gingerbread; and his Tavern beset by Customers for Ale, and mighty good Ale it is. Here more Boat-Racing, with Firing of Cannon Jollity, Shouting, Jangling of Street Pianos, and everywhere Tobacco-Smoke and the Popping of Ginger-Beer. Some fouling of Barges, but no worse Mishap, though I expected every moment that Somebody would be ducked. Methought how neat and dainty the light Wherries and Wager-Boats did look among the other Craft; but loth I should be to trust my Carcase in a Cockle-Shell, that sitting an Inch too much on one side would overthrow. Mighty pleasant also to behold on the Water the little Parties of Beauties, rowed by their Sweethearts, under Awnings to shade them from the Sun, and the Ripple on the Water, and the Smiles on their Faces, and to hear their Giggling, which was a pretty Noise. Afloat everywhere in their Boating-Trim I did note sundry of those young Sparks that do and think and talk of Nothing but pulling up the River, and live upon it almost, like Swans or Geese. But, however, that Boat-Racing is a true British Pastime, and so long as we pull together he will back us against all the World. "And talking of that," says he, "the Sport being ended, suppose we take a pull at some of FINCH his Ale."



A RAYLWAY STATYON. SHOWYNGE YE TRAVELLERS REFRESHYNGE THEMSELVES.

TUESDAY, *July* 31, 1849.

PREVAILED UPON BY MY WIFE TO CARRY HER TO Bath, as she said, to go see her Aunt DOROTHY, but I know she looked more to the Pleasure of her Trip than any Thing else; nevertheless I do think it necessary Policy to keep in with her Aunt, who is an old Maid and hath a pretty Fortune; and to see what Court and Attention I pay her though I do not care 2d. about her! But am mightily troubled to know whether she hath sunk her Money in an Annuity, which makes me somewhat uneasy at the Charge of our Journey, for what with Fare, Cab-Hire, and Vails to DOROTHY'S Servants for their good Word, it did cost me altogether £6, 2s. 6d. To the Great Western Station in a Cab, by Reason of our Luggage; for my Wife must needs take so many Trunks and Bandboxes, as is always the Way with Women: or else we might have gone there for 2s. 6d. less in an Omnibus. Did take

our places in the First Class notwithstanding the Expense, preferring both the Seats and the Company; and also because if any Necks or Limbs are broken I note it is generally in the Second and Third Classes. So we settled, and the Carriage-Doors slammed to, and the Bell rung, the Train with a Whistle off like a Shot, and in the Carriage with me and my Wife a mighty pretty Lady, a Frenchwoman, and I did begin to talk French with her, which my Wife do not well understand, and by and by did find the Air too much for her where she was sitting, and would come and take her Seat between us; I know, on Purpose. So fell a reading the *Times*, till One got in at Hanwell who seemed to be a Physician, and mighty pretty Discourse with him touching the Manner of treating Madmen and Lunatics, which is now by gentle Management, and is a great Improvement on the old Plan of Chains and the Whip. Also of the Foulness of London for Want of fit Drainage, and how it do breed Cholera and Typhus, as sure as rotten Cheese do Mites, and of the horrid Folly of making a great Gutter of the River. So to Swindon Station, where the Train do stop ten Minutes for Refreshment, and there my Wife hungry, and I too with a good Appetite, notwithstanding the Discourse about London Filth. So we out, and to the Refreshment-Room with a Crowd of Passengers, all pushing and jostling, and trampling on each other's Toes, striving which should get served first. With much Ado got a Basin of Soup for my Wife, and for myself a Veal and Ham Pie, and to see me looking at my Watch, and taking a Mouthful by Turns; and how I did gulp a Glass of GUINNESS his Stout! Before we had half finished, the Guard rang the Bell, and my Wife with a start did spill her Soup over her Dress, and was obliged to leave Half of it; and to think how ridiculous I looked, scampering back to the Train with my Meat-Pie in my Mouth! To run hurry-skurry at the Sound of the Bell, do seem only fit for a Gang of Workmen; and the Bustle of Railways do destroy all the Dignity of Travelling; but the World altogether is less grand, and do go faster than formerly. Off again, and to the End of our Journey, troubled at the Soup on my Wife's Dress, but thankful I had got my Change, and not left it behind me at the Swindon Station.

YE BRYTYSH GRANADIERS AMOUNTYNGE GUARD AT ST. JAMES HYS PALACE YARDE.

WEDNESDAY, *August* 1, 1849.

UP MIGHTY BETIMES, AND AFTER A FOUR MILES' Walk, losing Weight like a Jockey, to the Palace Yard of St. James's Palace, to see the Soldiers mount Guard to guard the QUEEN, which they do every Morning whether she is there or no, and is a pretty pompous Ceremony. Found myself among as dirty shabby a Set of Fellows hanging about as I think I ever saw, with whom two or three with the Look of Gentlemen, and a pretty Sprinkling of Milliner-Girls and Nurse-Maids. Strange how all Women almost do run after Soldiers; which MR. PUMPKYNS do say is because Weakness do, by Instinct, seek the Protection of Courage; but I think is owing to nothing at all but the Bravery of a Red Coat. In a few Minutes more Riff-Raff pouring in; then a Noise without of drumming: and then just at ¼ to 11, a Party of the Grenadier Guards marching in under the Clock-Tower, the Drums and Fifes in Front

of them, and, at the Head of all, the Drum Major, twirling his Staff, strutted like a Pouter-Pigeon, as stately, almost, as ever I saw J. Bland. The Men at the Word of Command ground arms with a Clang, and stood at Ease in Lines, and together with the Spectators made a Square, with the Drums and Fifes at one End, and the Band at the other by the Clock-Tower, and a Post in the Middle, and around the Post, with the Colours, the Officers in full Figg, mighty trim; and Mr. Wagstaffe do tell me that the Guards have brave clothing Colonels. The Band did play while the Men that should relieve Guard were marching off; and I do muse why Soldiers are provided with so much Musique, and conclude it is to hinder them from thinking, and also in Battle to inflame their Minds without making them drunk. At five Minutes to the Hour comes the relieved Guard, and draws up ready to be marched away, and to see them backing for Room on the Crowd's Toes! Droll, also, to watch the Marshalman, in his grand Uniform and with his Staff of Office, going about to make Space and keep Order among the ragged Boys; and I remember how, in my Youth, I thought he was a General Officer. More Musique, in the Meanwhile, by the Band; the Band-Master, a rare plump Fellow, in goodly Condition, conducting, with a Clarionet for his Batoon. Suddenly the Musique cut short by the Drums and Fifes, the Word given, and the Men did fall in, and away to Barracks, a Grand March playing, and all the Tag-Rag at their Heels. But to see the Lieutenant, the Officer of the Day, set up the Colours on the Post, and touch his Cap and kiss his Sword to them, saluting them, which do seem a senseless Pantomime. Besides, the Flag, a most old and sorry one, blown into Tatters, which, in our long Peace, must have been done by the Breeze and not the Battle; but so left, with a Grenadier to guard it, sticking in the Post. Then the Officer did dismiss the Off Guard, and away to his Quarters for the Day. Methinks that mounting Guard at the Palace is a Service of little Danger or Hardship; but, good Lack! to think what Fire-eaters in Battle are the Dandy Officers of the Guards, and how their Men will follow them through thick and thin, and what Work those Fellows can do when called on, that play Soldiers about St. James's!

A PROSPECT OF A FASHYONABLE HABERDASHER HYS SHOPE.

TUESDAY, *August* 7, 1849.

FINDING FAULT WITH MY WIFE, FOR THAT SHE do not use enough Exercise; whence her continual Headach, and FADDELL, the 'Potticary his bill of £5. She replying that I would never take her out, I said I would, whenever she liked; whereupon, we agreed to go a Walk forthwith, and my Wife did propose Regent Street. So we thither, pleasing ourselves with observing the Passers-by and the Carriages, and the Streets blazing with fine Ladies and flaming Liveries. Going by LINDSEY AND WOOLSEY'S, my Wife's Eye taken with a Scarf in the Window, and would stop to look at it with a Crowd of other Women gazing at the Finery, which MR. SKITT do call Baits, and a Draper's Shop a Lady-Trap. Presently she recollected that she wanted a Collar; so we into the Shop, where some sixty or eighty Ladies sitting before the Counters, examining the Wares, busy as Blue-Bottle Flies at a Sugar-Cask. Behind the Counters the Shopmen and Assistants, showing off the

Goods, and themselves also, with mighty dainty Airs, every one of them, almost, NARCISSUS his Image. One of these dapper young Sirs did help my Wife to her Collar, cost 3s. 6d.; when she thought she had better get another while about it, cost 3s. 6d. more. Then, says he, in his soft condoling Voice, "What is the next Article?" Hereupon, my Wife bethought her of lacking some Lace Cuffs, four Pair: cost 12s. "And now, Mem," says the young Fellow with a Simper, "allow me to show you a Love of a Robe, a Barège, Double Glacé, brocaded in the Flouncings, and reduced to Twenty-One-and-Six from Forty-Five." But she professed that she needed it not: whereat I was glad; when he did tell her he would do it at One-and-Four less: and she then saying that it was indeed a Bargain, which I find is a Woman's Word for anything cheap whether wanted or no, I let her have it: cost £1, os. 2d. But, to be sure, the Pattern was pretty, and my Wife being well-dressed do please my Taste, and also increase my Consequence and Dignity. The Robe bought, it comes into her Head that she could not do without a new Shawl to match it, blue and scarlet, cost £2, 2s., but will look mighty fine, and, I hope, last. Here I thought to hale her at once by Force away; but seeing a stout middle-aged Gentleman doing the very Thing, and how mean it looked, did forbear; and in the Meanwhile the Shopman did beg, as he said, to tempt her with a superior Assortment of Ribbons. She rummaging over this Frippery, I to gaze about the Shop, and with Fellow-Feeling did mark an unhappy small Boy, while his Mother was comparing some three-score different Pieces of Satin, perched on a Stool, out of Patience. My Wife would have 5s. worth of Ribbons, and here I hoped would make an End; but the Shopman did exhibit to her some Silk Stockings; and I telling her they were unnecessary, she declared that then she must wear Boots, which she knows I hate; and concluded with buying half a Dozen Pair, cost 24s.; and we away, bowed out of the Shop with Congees by the smirking Shopwalker, rubbing his Hands and grinning, as obsequious as could be; and so Home; I mighty serious, having laid out £5, 10s. 2d.; and the next Time I take out my Wife for a Walk, it shall be in the Fields and not in Regent Street.

REGENTE STRETE AT FOUR OF YE CLOCKE, P.M.

THURSDAY, *August* 16, 1849.

THIS AFTERNOON ABOUT FOUR OF THE CLOCK to Regent Street, and did walk up and down, among the fine Folk mostly, many Foreigners, and a few Street Urchins, and others of the lower Sort, and note the Carriages stand in Front of the Shops, and the Walking Advertisement Boys and Men, and the Cabs and Omnibuses go by, and the Advertising Vans, and mighty fine and droll the Monster Advertising Car of MOSES AND SON the Tailors. In the Evening to the Queen's House in the Haymarket, to hear MOZART his famous Opera "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," and SONTAG in *Susanna*, which she do act mighty skittish, and with the prettiest sidelong Looks, but the most graceful and like a Lady, and do trip the Stage the daintiest and make the nicest Curtsies, and sing the sweetest that methinks I ever did hear or see: and to think that MR. VIEUXBOYS should tell me she do it as well now as he did see her twenty Years ago! Pretty, to hear her sing "*Venite in-*

ginocchiatevi," where she do make *Cherubino* kneel down on the Cushion before the *Countess*, and put him on a Girl's Cap, and pat his Chin and Face. Also her singing of "*Sull' Aria*," with PARODI, the *Countess*; and the mingling of their Voices very musicall. Likewise that jolly blooming she-BACCHUS-ALBONI, *Cherubino*, with her passionate fine singing of "*Non so più*" and "*Voi che sapete*," did delight me much; and she did play a stripling of a Page in Love to the very Life. BELLETTI did mightily take me with his Knaveries, in *Figaro*, and singing of "*Non più andrai*," which is a most lively and martial Song; and the Grand March very brave as well, and did make my Heart leap, and me almost jump out of my Seat. COLLETTI, too, the *Count*, did content me much, and to the utmost with "*Crudel! perchè finora.*" But then to hear LABLACHE, what a great Thing he do make out of so small a Part as *Bartolo*, with his Voice in the Concert-Pieces heard above all the Rest, and thundering out "*La Vendetta*," like a musicall STENTOR; and his undertaking of little Characters to make an Opera perfect is very magnanimous; and MR. WAGSTAFFE do well say that he "*Ingentes Animos ingenti in Pectore versat*," and have as much Brains as Body. Mighty droll to hear the Quartett, with each Singer in turn holding the Voice on the word "*Io*," called for three Times, and the Singers each Time spinning "*Io*" out longer, whereat great Laughter; and the Performers laughing as much as the Audience. Wonderfull how still all the House was while SONTAG was a singing of "*Deh! vieni non tardar*," and the *Bravas* and Clapping of Hands when she had ended; and to hear how she did stick to the Text, and not, like a vulgar silly *Prima Donna*, disfigure noble Musique by ridiculous Flourishes. Home to Supper, it being late, though, walking up the Haymarket, did sorely long for stewed Oysters. Telling my Wife of the Opera, did speak of *Susanna* boxing *Figaro* his Ears, and let out that I could have been glad to have her box mine too, which my Wife did say she could do as well if I pleased; but I said I had rather not, and so, whistling "*Non più andrai*," rather small to Bed.

BLACKWALL. SHOWYNGE YE PUBLICK A DINYNGE ON WHYTEBAIT.

SATURDAY, *August* 18, 1849.

COMES MR. GOLLOPE, THIS BEING HIS BIRTH-DAY, to bid me to go dine with him and a Company of some Half-dozen of our Acquaintance, off Whitebait at Blackwall. So we first to London Bridge, on Foot, walking for an Appetite, and there took Water, and down the River in a Steam-Boat, with great Pleasure, enjoying the Breeze, and the View of the Shipping, and also the Prospect of a good Dinner. Landed at the Pier, and as fast as we could to LOVEGROVE'S, where our Table engaged in the large Room. But good Lack! to see the Fulness of the Place, every Table almost crowded with eager Eaters, the Heaps of Whitebait among them, and they with open Mouths and Eyes shovelling Spoonful after Spoonful into their Plates and thence thrusting them five or six at a Time into their Chaps. Then, here and there, a fat Fellow, stopping, out of Breath, to put down his Knife and Fork, and gulp a Goblet of iced Punch, was mighty

droll; also to hear others speaking with their Mouths full. But Dinner coming, I cared not to look about me, there being on Table some dozen different Dishes of Fish, whereof the Sight did at first bewilder me, like the Donkey between the Haystacks, not knowing which to choose; and Mr. GOBLESTONE do lament that at a Feast with Plenty of good Things he never was able to eat his Fill of every one. A Dish of Salmon with India-Pickle did please me mightily, also some Eels, spitchcocked, and a stewed Carp, and ate heartily of them with much Relish; but did only nibble at the Rest by way of a Taste, for I felt exceeding full, and methought I should have no Stomach for the Whitebait. But Lack! to see when it came, how my Appetite returned, and I did fall to upon it, and drink iced Punch, and then at the Whitebait again. Pretty, the little Slices of brown Bread and Butter, they did bring us to eat it withal, and truly, with a Squeeze of Lemon and Cayenne Pepper, it is delicate Eating. After the Whitebait plain, Whitebait devilled made us to eat the more, and drink too, which we did in Champagne and Hock, pledging each other with great Mirth. After the Fish comes a Course of Ducks, and a Haunch of Mutton, and divers made Dishes; and then Tarts and Custards and Grouse; and lastly, a Dessert, and I did partake of all, as much as I had a Mind to, and after Dinner drank Port and Claret, when much Joking and rare Stories, and very merry we were. Pretty to look out of Window as we sat, at the Craft and the White Sails in the Sunset on the River. Back in a Railway Carriage, shouting and singing, and in a Cab Home, where DR. SHARPE called to see my Wife for her Vapours. Pretty Discourse with him touching the Epidemic, he telling me that of all Things to bring it on the likeliest was Excess in Food and Drink, which did trouble me, and so with a Draught of Soda and a Dose of Pills to Bed.

Ye Sport of Punte Fyshynge off Rychmonde.

Wednesday, *August* 22, 1849.

THIS DAY TO RICHMOND, TO GO A FISHING ON the River, and with me Mr. Itchenbrooke, out of Hampshire, a cunning Angler, who did mightily desire to see what this Sport should be. So first we out in a Boat below Richmond Bridge, where a Dozen or more of Punts full of People a Fishing, and rowed among them to observe the Manner of doing it, which is sinking with a Gentle, sitting upon Chairs, and smoking Cigars and Pipes of Tobacco, and drinking cold Brandy and Water. We did note one young Spark lying at full Length, in a Punt's End, asleep, and did conclude he had had enough of the Fishing, or else of the Grog. Some very silent, and bent on their Sport, but others bandying Fun and Jokes, and shouting for Joy and Merriment whenever they caught a Fish, which Mr. Itchenbrooke do say is not the Wont of a Sportsman. Among the Fishers I

did note with Wonder one or two Damsels; but MR. WAGSTAFFE do say it is a common Thing for Ladies to fish for Gudgeons. Several of them also quite old Men; but seeming as much taken up with their Fishing as Schoolboys, though catching Nothing but little Fish not a Span long. So, satisfied with looking at the Sportsmen, we to try the Quality of the Sport ourselves, and did hire a Punt, and Fishing Tackle, and a Man to guide the Punt, and bait our Hooks, and did take on board a Stone-Bottle of Half-and-Half Beer, to follow the Fashion. Pretty, to see our Man sound the Depth of the River with a Plumb, to resolve whereabouts on our Lines to place the Float, and glad to have him to put the Bait on, being Gentles, which I was loath to touch. Our Hooks no sooner dropped into the Water than MR. ITCHENBROOKE did pull up a Fish about the Bigness of a Sprat, though, but for the Punt-Man, he would have thrown it in again, saying that he never heard of keeping any Fish under Half-a-Pound, and that while such small Fry were killed there would be no good Fish in the River. But Lack! to see how my Float did bob up and down, and I jerk at my Line, but generally bring up a Weed. Did marvel at the Punt-Man flinging Lumps of Earth and Meal into the Water to entice the Fish, which methought would either have driven them away or surfeited them, but did not, and the Trick did much divert MR. ITCHENBROOKE. We did catch Roach and Dace to the Number of fifteen, which my Companion did call seven Brace-and-a-Half; and I caught the Half: I mean the Half Brace. Our Fishing did last two Hours, cost 3s., and 6d. besides for the Beer, but we had much mirth for our Time and Money, though little Fish, and yet more Fish than some our Man did show us, saying they had been at it all the Day. So to Dinner at the Star and Garter, where a most brave Dinner and excellent Wine, and pretty Discourse with MR. ITCHENBROOKE of true Sport in Fishing and the Art of Whipping for Trout with an Imitation Fly, made out of coloured Silk Thread and Birds' Feathers. Our Dinner ended, cost me £1, 9s. 0d., went and bought 6d. worth of Maids of Honour at the Pastrycook's, and did take them Home to my Wife.

TRYCKS OF YE LONDON TRADE.

TUESDAY, *September* 4, 1849.

WITH MY WIFE THIS DAY TO WESTMINSTER, AND walking thereabouts in Regent-Street and Oxford-Street, and the principal Streets, though contrary to my Resolution to walk with her only in the Fields, but did it to please her, and keep her in good Humour, but in mighty Fear of what it might cost me, trembling to observe her continually looking askance at the Shop-Windows. But I cannot wonder that they did catch her Eye; particularly the Haberdashers, and Drapers, and Mercers, whereof many were full of Bills, stuck in all Manner of Ways across the Panes, and printed in Letters of from two Inches to a Span long, and staring Dashes of Admiration two and three together. In one Window posted a "Tremendous Sacrifice!" in another an "Alarming Failure!!" in a third a "Ruinous Bankruptcy!!!", by reason whereof, the Goods within were a-selling off at 50, 60, or 70 per Cent. under prime Cost, but at any Rate the Owners must raise Money. Good Lack! to think of the dreadful Pass the Drapery Trade must have come to;

so many Master-Mercers and Haberdashers on the Threshold of the Prison or the Workhouse, and their Wives and Families becoming Paupers on the Parish, or Beggars, and their People out of Employ starving; if their notices do tell true. But my Wife did say, very serious, that we were not to judge, or to know of their Tricks and Cozenage, and, that it was no Matter to us if they did cheat their Creditors, provided we could buy their Wares at a Bargain, and besides, if we did not, others would. So going by RAGGE, RIP & Co., their Establishment, as they do call their Shop, she would needs stop in Front of it to look in; which did trouble me. I to read the Posters in the Window, which were the worst and most pitiful of any, and by their showing MR. RAGGE and MR. RIP, and their Co. were going altogether to the Dogs. My Wife did presently, as I expected, find somewhat she had a Mind to: a Muslin she did say was Dirt-cheap, and I knew was Dirt-worth. I plainly refused to let her buy it, or anything else at RAGGE and RIP's, who have been, to my knowledge, making a Tremendous Sacrifice any Time the last two Years; but the Simpletons their Customers the only Victims. But I pity not a Whit such Gudgeons as are caught by these Tricks of the Drapery Trade; rightly served by being cheated in seeking to profit, as they think, by Fraud and dishonest Bankruptcy. I told my Wife that RAGGE and RIP do sell off at a Loss to none but those that deal with them, and were like at that Moment, instead of being Bankrupts, to be making merry at the Expense of their Dupes. But she being sullen at my Denial of her Muslin, I did quiet her by the Promise of a better Piece at FAIRCLOTH and PRYCE's, who do carry on Business without rogueish Puffery, and after the old Fashion of English Traders, according to the Maxim, that "Good Wine needs no Bush," which my Wife, poor silly Wretch, not understanding, I explained to her did mean, that stuffs worth the buying, to find a Sale, do stand in no need of Haberdashers' trickish Advertisements.

MADAME TUSSAUD HER WAX WERKES. YE CHAMBER OF HORRORS!!

WEDNESDAY, *September* 5, 1849.

TO PLEASE MY WIFE, DID TAKE HER THIS EVENING to MADAME TUSSAUD her Wax Works; a grand large Room, with Gilding, lighted up very splendid: cost 2s., and a Catalogue 6d. The Wax Figures showy: but with their painted Cheeks and glassy Eyes—especially such as nod and move—do look like Life in Death. The Dresses very handsome, and I think correct; and the Sight of so many People of Note in the Array of their Time, did much delight me. Among the Company Numbers of Country Folk, and to see how they did stare at the Effigies of the QUEEN, and the PRINCE, and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and the KING OF THE BELGIANS, and the PRINCESS CHARLOTTE that was, and GEORGE THE FOURTH in his Coronation Robes, grand as a Peacock! The Catalogue do say that his Chair is the very one wherein he sat in the Abbey; but it look like a Play-House Property, and little thought the King where it would come down to figure!

A Crowd of Dames gazing at the Group of the Royal Family, calling the Children "Dears" and "Ducks," and would, I verily believe, have liked to kiss their Wax Chaps. My Wife feasted her Eyes on the little Princes and Princesses, I mine upon a pretty, modest, black Maid beside me, and she hers on me, till my Wife spying us, did pinch me with her Nails in the Arm. Pretty, to see the Sovereign Allies in the last War, and bluff old BLUCHER, and BONAPARTE and his Officers, in brave Postures, but stiff. Also the two KING CHARLESES, and OLIVER, together; CHARLES THE FIRST protesting against his Death-Warrant, and his Son Backing him; and CARDINAL WOLSEY looking on. LORD BYRON in the Dress of a Greek Pirate, looking Daggers and Pistols, close to JOHN WESLEY preaching a Sermon; and methought, if all MADAME TUSSAUD'S Figures were their Originals instead, what Ado there would be! Many of the Faces that I knew very like; and my LORD BROUGHAM I did know directly, and LISTON in *Paul Pry*. But strange, among the Kings to see him that was the Railway King; and methinks that it were as well now if he were melted up. Thence to the NAPOLEON Rooms, where BONAPARTE'S Coach, and one of his Teeth, and other Reliques and Gimcracks of his, well enough to see for such as care about him a Button. Then to the Chamber of Horrors, which my Wife did long to see most of all; cost, with the NAPOLEON Rooms, 1s. more; a Room like a Dungeon, where the Head of ROBESPIERRE, and other Scoundrels of the great French Revolution, in Wax, as though just cut off, horrid ghastly, and Plaster Casts of Fellows that have been hanged: but the chief attraction a Sort of Dock, wherein all the notorious Murderers of late Years; the foremost of all, RUSH, according to the Bill, taken from Life at Norwich, which, seeing he was hanged there, is an odd Phrase. Methinks it is of ill Consequence that there should be a Murderers' Corner, wherein a Villain may look to have his Figure put more certainly than a Poet can to a Statue in the Abbey. So away again to the large Room, to look at JENNY LIND instead of GREENACRE, and at 10 of the Clock Home, and so to Bed, my Wife declaring she should dream of the Chamber of Horrors.

DEERE STALKYNGE IN YE HYGH-LANDES.

MONDAY, *September* 17, 1849.

COMES MR. GOLLOPE, AND MR. GOBLESTONE, AND JENKYNS, to dine with me off a Haunch of Venison, and MR. MC. NAB calling, I did make him stay Dinner too, and the Venison very fat and good; and MR. GOLLOPE did commend my Carving, whereof I was proud. Between them a Debate over our Dinner, as to whether the Red Deer or the Fallow Deer were the better Venison, and both MR. GOLLOPE and MR. GOBLESTONE do say the Fallow, but MR. MC. NAB will have it that the Red is by far the better, and do tell them they know nothing about the Matter, and never tasted Red Deer but such as had been mewed up in Richmond Park, which are mighty different from them that do browse in the Highlands on the Heather. He do say that Highland Deer-Stalking do excel every other Sport, from Tiger-Hunting to Fox-Hunting, which I mean to repeat to MR. CORDUROYS to make him mad. Then he to describe the Manner of Stalking

the Deer, and his Account thereof mighty taking, but, with his broad Scottish Accent and Phrases, droll; and good Lack, to hear him talk of Braes, and Burns, and Cairns, and Corries, rattling the R in every Word! He says that the Deer are the cunningest and the watchfullest, and can see, and hear, and smell at the greatest Distance of any Creature almost living, and do keep Spies to look out, and their Ears and Eyes always open and their Noses to the Wind, and do think and reason in their Minds like human Beings; which, methinks, is peculiar to the Scotch Deer. He says that the Sport is to fetch a Compass on them by Stratagem, so as to approach or drive them nigh enough to shoot them with a Rifle, and it do often take some Hours and several Miles, mostly crawling on the Hands and Knees, to get one Shot. He says that the Stalker and Hill-Keepers that wait on him must, to gain their Chance, dodge, stooping behind Crags, wriggle and creep over Flats and up Brooks like Snakes or Eels, clamber up and run down Precipices, and stride over Bogs, wherein they do sometimes sink plump up to the Middle; which should be rather Sport to the Stag than the Huntsman. But after all, the Deer shot dead, or wounded, and at Bay with the Hounds at his Throat, but despatched at last, and paunched, which he do call "gralloched," is such a Triumph that it do repay the Sportsman for all his Pains. He do say that what with the Grandeur of the Mountains, and the Freshness of the Air, the Spirits are raised beyond what we could imagine, and the Appetite also increased wonderfully; whereat Mr. Gollope did prick up his Ears. To conclude, he did declare that no one could know what Deer-Stalking was that had not tried it; but methinks I can, remembering how I used in my Youth to creep in Ditches and behind Hedges to shoot Larks.

A PROSPECT OF AN ELECTION.

THURSDAY, *September* 27, 1849.

UP, AND BY RAILWAY WITH MR. WAGSTAFFE TO Guzzleford to my COSIN PEG her Wedding, and heard the Bells a ringing at 9 o'clock, the Marriage not to be till 11, but found they were rung for an Election; 'SQUIRE CALLOW and MR. FAIRPORT standing for County Members in the Room of MR. BROWNJOHN. So, the Wedding over, we about the Town to see the Fun. A Fellow the worse for Beer demanding whose Colours we wore, meaning our Wedding-Favours, MR. WAGSTAFFE did pleasantly answer, HYMEN'S, whereupon the Fellow, crying "CALLOW for ever!" did rush full at us, but, we parting, slip between us and tumble headlong into the Mud. Good Lack! to see what Numbers of Ragamuffins everywhere with their Hats awry, Noses bleeding, or Eyes blacked, staggering under huge Placard Boards, whereon, in great Letters, "CALLOW and Agriculture," or, "Vote for FAIRPORT and Commerce!" The Windows and Balconies full of Ladies, some pretty, to whom in my Wife's Absence I did kiss my Hand. But

to think of the Ladies wearing the Colours of the Candidates, Blue and Yellow, but only for an Excuse to deck themselves out with Ribbons! In the Streets, Horsemen galloping to and fro, to tell the State of the Polls, and the Mob cheering and bantering them, mighty droll. 'Squire Callow did put up at the Barley-Mow, and Mr. Fairport at the Rising Sun, and between the two Inns, with a few plump rosy Farmers in Top-Boots, was a noisy Rabble, quarrelling and fighting, with Skins unwashed, and unshorn Muzzles, whom the Candidates' Committee-Men, speaking to them from the Windows, did call Free and Independent Electors. To some that harangued them, the Mob did cry, "Go Home," and "Who cheated his Washerwoman?" or, "How about the Workhouse Beef?" yet listened to a few that were familiar and cracked old Jokes with them. Presently they addressed by the Candidates in Turn; and nasty to see them pelt each Speaker with stale Eggs. But to hear, as well as might be for the Shouting and Hissing, 'Squire Callow promising the Farmers to restore the Corn Laws, and laying the Potato Blight and late Sickness to Free Trade; while Mr. Fairport did as loudly charge all the Woes and Grievances of the Country on the Landlords. By-and-by, Mr. Fairport, the Poll going so much against him, did give in, and then 'Squire Callow come forward, and make a brave Speech about our Glorious Institutions and the British Lion, and so away to have his Election declared, to the Town Hall, in a Carriage and Four, and the Rabblement after him. Then they left behind did set to on both Sides to fling Stones, and 'Squire Callow's Mob did break the Windows of the Rising Sun, and Mr. Fairport's the Windows of the Barley-Mow; which the Townsmen did say would be good for the Glaziers, and Mr. Wagstaffe do observe that the Conservative 'Squire Callow hath destructive Constituents. What with Publicans, and Lawyers, and Damage, the Election will cost the Candidates £6000 or £7000 a-Piece, and to think what a good Motive one must have to become a Parliament-Man, that will spend so much Money for the Chance of a Seat.

A PARTIE OF SPORTSMEN OUT A SHUTYNGE.

MONDAY, *October* 1, 1849.

UP MIGHTY BETIMES, AND TO BRUSHWOOD FOR a Day's Shooting, by Invitation from MR. TIBBITTS, whose Father, the rich Furrier, did die the other Day, and leave him a Fortune, and now he hath rented Brushwood Manor to shoot over for the Season. But Lack, what a set of young Rogues I found there of TIBBITTS his Acquaintance, a-smoking of Cigars and short Pipes, and a-drinking of Ale and bottled Stout at 10 o'clock of the Morning! Mighty ashamed of, though diverted with, my Company, to hear their loose and idle Conversation, and how none of them could pronounce the letter H, and to think what an unlettered vulgar Fellow TIBBITTS is, and that I should demean myself to associate with such a Companion only because of his Riches, and Wine, and Dinners. One of the Party, WIGGYNS, did tell me we should have a prime Lark, which, this being the first Day of Pheasant-Shooting, I did think droll; but divers Larks, indeed, were shot be-

fore the Day was over. So we into the Fields, and a Keeper following us with the Dogs, and, whenever I did look over my Shoulder, did catch him grinning and making Faces behind our Backs. But strange, to see how much better the Rogues did shoot than I expected, though firing at Tom-Tits, or anything almost, and do understand they got this Skill at the Red House, Battersea, through popping at Pigeons and Sparrows let loose from a Trap; which do seem but a cruel and a barbarous kind of Sport. But little Birds were not all they shot, for one HIGGES aiming at a Hare did miss, and instead of the Hare hit one of the Dogges, and sent him yelping and limping Home. But good Lack, to see how careless the Fellows were with their Fire-Arms, carrying their Guns, full-cocked, pointing right in one another's Faces, and one, dragging his Piece through a Hedge after him, it went off, but finding it had only carried off the Skirt of his Shooting-Coat, we had a good Laugh of it. Another, with a double-barrelled Gun, having shot off one Barrel at a Blackbird, I did see reloading; the other Barrel being still loaded and at full Cock. He, forcing down the Ramrod with all his Might, I did catch him by the Elbow, and point to the Cock of the Gun, and methinks I did never see a Man on a Sudden tremble so terribly, or grow so pale. Getting beyond Brushwood, into a Field hard by, MR. WIGGYNS did let fly at some Ducks, for one of those Larks he had been talking of, which did bring down upon us the Farmer, with his Bull-Dog, and cause us to make off with all the Speed we could. I in mighty Dread of being seized as an Accomplice in shooting the Duck, fearing the Farmer, who is horridly enraged with the Game-Preserving at Brushwood, for that the Game do eat up his Crops; and, truly, the Game Laws are a great Nuisance. Home from our Shooting, with our Bag, carried by TIBBITTS his Tiger-Boy, very full, with a Brace or two of Pheasants and Partridges, but many more Brace of Chaffinches, and Yellow-Hammers, and Robin Redbreasts, and so to Dinner, where all very merry, and so to Bed.

YE WYNE VAULTS AT YE DOCKS. SHOWYNGE A PARTYE TASTYNGE.

THURSDAY, *October* 11, 1849.

TO THE DOCKS, TO MEET MR. SOKER, AND GO over the Wine Vaults with a Tasting-Order, and taste the Wine there before it hath undergone any Roguery for the Market. Found there SOKER, and MR. WAGSTAFFE, and SWILBY, and SWYPE, and SHARPE, and with them MR. GOODFELLOWE, who had gotten SOKER the Order. First to the Quay, heaped with Barrels of Wine, and one huge Barrel, they did tell me, holding 625 Gallons, hoisted a-shore, MR. WAGSTAFFE did say, by an Adjutant, or Gigantic Crane. Then, through all Manner of Casks and Tubs, and Bales of Merchandise, to St. Katherine's Dock, and down to the Vault, where a Cooper forthwith did wait on us with a Couple of Glasses, and gave each Man a flat Stick with a Lamp at the farther End, to see our Way. The Vault almost quite dark, only lighted by Sconces from the Roof, and the farthest Sconce looking half-a-mile off, and all this Space full of Barrels of Wine! The Roof supported by Rows of Columns; and the Vault altogether like the Crypt of a vast Cathedral, but sweeter; the Air smelling of Wine very strong, which

alone did make me feel giddy. Strange to see the Mildew hanging in all Sorts of Forms from the Roof, which many do mistake for Cobwebs, but some call Fungus, and Dr. LIMBECK, the Chymist, do tell me is mostly Nitrate of Lime. The Cooper did lead us to the Wine we were to taste, and pretty to see him tap the Barrel by boring a Hole in it with a Gimlet. We did drink, all round, a good Ale-glass each of excellent Sherry, all except MR. SHARPE; and I did wonder to see him taste the Wine, and call it rare good Stuff, and yet spit it out, but found by and by that he was wise. Next, to the London Dock; and MR. GOODFELLOWE did give us Biscuit, and recommend us to eat, and I did take his advice, and glad I did. Here, more Curiosities in Mildew, hanging from the Roof; and one a Festoon as big as the great Sausage in the Pork-Shop at the Corner of Bow Street. A good Story from the Cooper, of a Visitor that took a Specimen of the Mildew away in his Hat, and with the Moisture of his Head, it melted and blackened his Face, and served him right, that—like more than enough Sight-Seers—could not keep his Hands from Picking. To several Vaults, and tasted Wine in each; all very vast, but the East Vault the biggest, and do contain more thousand Pipes, and cover more Acres than I doubt, by Reason of the Wine I drunk, I can remember. By this Time, our Party very jolly and noisy, and did begin to dance and sing, and flourish their Lamps like Playhouse Devils; and methought I did see the Meaning of the Notice outside, that Ladies could not be admitted after 1 o'Clock. Coming into the open Air, could scarcely stand; and MR. GOODFELLOWE did see them into Cabs, and I home on Foot—straight as I could go—and my Wife wondering at the Redness of my Nose. Good Lack! to see the Quantity of Goods and Wine in the Docks; and to think what a great and mighty Nation we are, and what Oceans of Liquor we do swill and guzzle!

A WEDDYNGE BREAKFASTE.

MONDAY, *October* 22, 1849.

UP, AND TO CHURCH TOGETHER WITH MY WIFE, to see PALL HARLEY married this Morning to DICK BAKER; on both Sides mighty genteel People, and their Guests, all except ourselves, such as they do call Carriage-Company. PALL, in a Dress of White Satin, and Orange Flowers in her Hair, very pretty and demure, and DICK, wearing a Sky-Blue Coat, Crimson Velvet Waistcoat, Yellow Moleskin Trousers, and Japanned Boots; with Lavender Kid Gloves, and a Carbuncle in his Shirt-Front, a great Buck. DICK and every Man of us with great White Favours at our Breasts, mighty conspicuous and, methought, absurd, the Things serving neither for Use nor Ornament. But to see how grand were old fat MR. HARLEY and MR. BAKER, and how more grand were their fat Wives, and how fine and serious they looked and how high they carried their Noses! And when the Ring was put on PALL's Finger (DICK first having fumbled for it in the wrong Pocket), her Mother did weep,

and falling for stay on MR. HARLEY, nigh overthrew him. But the pretty modest Bridesmaids did most of all take me; which my Wife observing, I saw, did trouble her. The Ceremony over, and the Fees paid, and the Bride kissed by some of the old Gentlemen, we to old HARLEY'S to Breakfast, where what WIGGYNS do call a Grand Spread, very fine both for Show and Meats, every Dish ornamented with Flowers and Gimcracks, the cold Chickens trimmed with Ribbons, and the Bride-Cake, having upon it Wax CUPIDS and Turtle-Doves, was pretty. So down we sat, DICK stiff and sheepish, and PALL also, shamefaced, and trying to hide her Blushes with a Nosegay. PALL'S Mother in Tears, and her Father solemn, and the Bridesmaids mostly bashful, but a little black one that sate by me very merry, and I did by-and-by pull Crackers with her, till my Wife suddenly thrust a Pin into my Arm, to the Quick. The Company first silent, till a Friend of the young Pair, who did say he had known them both from Babies, did propose their Health in a pretty pathetic but confused Speech, and breaking down in the Midst of a Sentence, conclude by wishing them long Life and Happiness, with great Applause. Then the Bride-Groom to return Thanks, but, perplexed with his Pronouns, obliged to stop short too, but, he said, overcome by his Feelings. The Champagne flowing, we soon merrier, especially an old Uncle of DICK'S who began to make Jokes, which did trouble the Bride and Bride-Groom. But they presently with much Crying and Kissing, and Shaking of Hands, away in a Coach-and-Four, amid the Cheering of the Crowd in the Street and the Boys shouting to behold the fine Equipage; and Servants and old Women looking on from the opposite Windows. We eating and drinking with great Delight till late in the Afternoon, but at last broke up, the Multitude saluting us each as we stepped into the Street, and the Policeman and Beadle that were guarding the Door in great State, touching their Hats. A grand Marriage Breakfast do give a brave Treat to the Mob, in Show, and to the Company in Eating and Drinking, and is great Fun to all but those most concerned. But to think what a Fuss is made about most Marriages, and how little Reason for it is shown by most People's married Life.

A THEATRE, SHOWYNGE YE HOUSE AMUSED BY YE COMYCKE ACTOR.

FRIDAY, *October* 26, 1849.

TO THE OLD HOUSE IN THE MARKET, WHERE I would fain have seen *Macbeth*, for the Acting as well as the Divertisement; but this not the Night, so went Half-Price, and did see the *Unpolished Gem*, instead. TOUCHSTONE did play *Brother Dick*, a Country Clown, and his Figure, in a Coat short in the Waist, a huge striped Waistcoat, Trousers too big for him tucked up at the Ankles, Hob-Nail Boots, and a great ill-shaped Hat, mighty droll, and did move the People to clap their Hands and laugh the Moment he come on the Stage. Then did he take off his Hat, and show a red-cropped Head, and smooth down his Hair, and make a Face upon the Audience, whereat they did laugh again, and then turning round show them a Back View of himself, which made them laugh the more. Still greater Laughter the Moment he opened his Mouth, and I did laugh too, as much as any, though I heard not what he said; but only for the Oddness of his Voice, which is

such that methinks I could not keep my Countenance to hear him, even if he were speaking *Hamlet*. Mighty droll to see him in a fine House make himself at Home after the Fashion of a Bumpkin, and hear him in his rustical Drawl and Twang relate all the News and Tattle of his Village. What with his clodhopping Gait, and Awkwardness, and Independence, and Impudence, he did make, methinks, the veriest Lout I did ever see, even in Hampshire. His politeness even droller than his Rudeness, and his Ploughboy Courtesy of kissing his Hand as comical as could be. But I know not well whether I do more prefer his Cocknies or his Clowns; for methinks I have seen him do a Snob as well as a Clodpole, and he is very good in both, whether a rustical Booby or a Whippersnapper Spark; and do use V for W, and misuse or drop his H, and talk the Flash and Cant of the Town mighty natural. But to think how we English People do take Delight in everything that is ridiculous; and how I have seen a Theatre ringing with Merriment at the Sight of TOUCHSTONE in a Paper Cap and Apron, with a Baker's Tray, and a Bell, crying "Muffins!" or eating with his Mouth full; or even putting his Arms a-Kimbo, or pulling his Hat over his Eyes, and some of the Audience, and myself too, in Fits almost with Laughter. Methinks that Foreigners are wrong to suppose that we are a melancholy People, and would give up this Notion if they could see us at a broad Farce, and how easily we are pleased, and what Straws will tickle us almost to Death. Home, my Sides aching by Reason of TOUCHSTONE's Drolleries, and truly he do make a mighty excellent roguish Buffoon. So to Bed mimicking TOUCHSTONE his Voice to my Wife, which did divert her mightily.

A PROSPECTE OF YE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETYE ITS GARDENS. FEEDYNGE YE BEASTS.

MONDAY, *October* 29, 1849.

TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, IN THE REGENT'S Park, at 3 p.m., in Time to see the Otter fed with live Fishes, which he do chase round his Basin in the Water, and dive after mighty clever. Then to the Wild Beasts, hungry, in a terrible Rage, as I have seen others than Wild Beasts waiting for Dinner. Some of the Dens with Trees in them for the Beasts to climb in; Lions, old and young, Lionesses, He and She Tigers, a Jaguar, an Ounce, a Cheetah, a Spotted and Black Leopard: and on the other side Hyænas, and Pumas, and more Leopards, and Bears. Their Yelling and Howling for Hunger a most horrid Musique, while the Tigers rear on their hind Legs, and dash at their Bars, and grin and glare at the Children outside. The Ramping and Roaring doubled when the Keeper come with the Meat, and Lack! how they did fly at it with Teeth and Claws, and howl and snort over it, and munch and

crunch the Bones! But one Hyæna droll, the Keeper passing him by, and he, thinking he was to go without his Meal, throwing himself on his Back, and moaning, and crying in Despair. Pretty, to see the Bears in their Pit climb up their Post for Buns; which the Visitors did hold to them on the End of a long Stick, and them below fighting for the Morsels that fell; and their Clumsiness, and awkward Standing on their hind Legs. The White Bear, also, swimming in his Tank, pleasant, I being on the outside of his Cage. A fine old Wolf and Cubs, but snarling and snapping over their Victuals, seemed not a Happy Family. Saw the Eagles and Vultures Prey, treading on their Meat, and tearing it up with their Beaks; the Eagles brave, but the Vultures look ignoble. Yet fine the Great Condor Vulture, when the Wind blew, stretching forth his Wings upon it; and glad, no doubt, would have been to sail away. The Parrots gay; but so shriek and squall, that their Abode do seem the Madhouse of the Place. Much taken with the Seal swim in the Water, and waddle out on his Stomach with his Tail and Flappers, like a Fellow with his Legs tied for a Wager. Diverted by the Gambols and Antics of the Monkeys and Apes: yet ashamed to see such vile Likenesses of ourselves: and the Apes especially; and the Crowd of Women and Ladies gazing at them! With Pleasure, yet Horror, did view the Snakes and Lizards in the Reptile House, and glad they could not get at me; but hoped to see the Boa Constrictor swallow a live Rabbit: but did not. Bought Gingerbread Nuts to feed the Elephant, cost me 2d. and he did please me, but I wished he had been bigger; but the Rhinoceros did give me great Delight, and with Mirth heard a Countryman standing by, call him the Hog in Armour. The Bison, with his huge shaggy Head and Mane, Horns, and fiery Eyes, do look the most like a Demon I ever did see. To the Camel-Leopards, graceful Creatures; after the Bison and Rhinoceros. Then about the Gardens to watch the People and the Children stare at, and feed and poke the Animals. Did mark some pretty Damsels, and, having done gazing at the Beasts, gaze at them. So Home, and described to my Wife what I had seen, except the Damsels, and did discourse with her of Natural History; which the Zoological Gardens do breed a pretty Taste for among the People.

WESTMINSTER HALL, SHOWYNGE YE CEREMONYE OF OPENYNGE TERME.

FRIDAY, *November* 2, 1849.

UP, AND BY APPOINTMENT TO MR. WAGSTAFFE'S, and so with him to Westminster Hall, to see my LORD CHANCELLOR and the Judges, after Breakfast with my Lord, this being the first Day of Michaelmas Term, open the Law Courts in State, in their Robes and Wigs. We there at 12, the Hour set for the Ceremony, but, we found, only for the Beginning of it by Breakfast, which had we thought of, we had taken our Time, as knowing that my Lords would be sure to take theirs. So clear that we must have Patience, MR. WAGSTAFFE did say, like many besides us in Westminster Hall. So out to look at the New Houses of Parliament, and how the Masons speed with the Building, which will be mighty fine when it is done, and MR. TRANSOM do commend the Style, and I too, both for the Proportions and also for the Heraldry and Lions. Then back again to the Hall, where now a few more People; and presently comes marching in a Party of Policemen,

large enough to have taken up all present, and yet hardly have had one Prisoner a-piece ; But the Numbers did by Degrees increase, and were, I did note, mostly of the better Sort ; thank the Police. Among them divers Barristers-at-Law, some with their Sisters, some with their Wives, or such as did seem like to be their Wives, many of whom mighty comely Damsels, and were a Sight I never expected, not thinking they could care for Law Matters, or to see the Judges, 2d. ; but strange how Women do flock to every Concourse, whether it be to see or only to be seen. There for the first Time I did behold Mr. Tomkyns, the young Barrister, in his Wig, wherein he do look mighty sedate, and I telling him I hoped he would come to open Term himself, made answer as it might be some while first, he wished I might live to see it. The people now crowding about the Doors of the Courts, the Police did make a Lane between them for my Lord Chancellor and the Judges to walk down, and Mr. Wagstaffe did call it Chancery Lane. My Lords still not coming, he did observe that now we had a Sample of the Law's Delay, and did pleasantly lay the Lateness of the Breakfast to the Account of the Master of the Rolls. But they at last come, and we opposite the Court of Common Pleas got a good View of them to my Heart's Content. First comes the Mace, and a gentleman in his Court Suit, wearing a Sword and Bag, and with them the Great Seal; then my Lord Chancellor, and did walk down to his Court at the end of the Hall, looking the better of his Sickness, which I was glad of. After him the other Judges, of whom most did enter the Door whereby we were, and mighty reverend they looked, but merry and in good Humour, and beamy and ruddy after their Breakfast. But to see Mr. Justice Talfourd come last of all, shaking Hands with his Friends on both Sides, he newly made a Judge, being a Poet, did most content me ; and Mr. Wagstaffe did say he looked in good Case and by no means *puisne*. The Judges all entered, the Rabblement let into the Hall, and we away, fearing for our Pockets ; which are like to be very soon emptied in Westminster Hall.

A PROSPECTE OF YE 5TH OF NOVEMBER, SHOWYNGE YE "GUYS."

MONDAY, *Nov.* 5, 1849.—GUY FAWKES' DAY.

AT BREAKFAST THIS MORNING OFF A NEW-LAID Egg, cost me 2d., but cheap for the Time of Year, did hear a shrill Hallooing in the Street, which my Wife told me was made by the Boys, going by with their GUY FAWKES. So on this, GUY FAWKES his Day, did in Haste swallow my Breakfast, put on my Boots and Over-Coat, and so out and about the Streets and Squares to see the Sport, the Bells ringing for Church, and a Scarecrow of a GUY, borne by Urchins on a Handbarrow, with Rough Musique at almost every Turn and Corner. GUY FAWKES his Effigies, with his Fingers sticking out like Spikes, and his Feet all awry, his Body and Limbs stuffed with Straw, a Mask for his Face, with a Pipe in the Mouth, and a Lantern and Tinder-Box dangling from his Wrist, and on his Head a Paper Cap, like an old Grenadier's, but a Cross on it, and meant for the POPE his Crown. I thought to see GUY with his Company, borne by the Police in State to the Sta-

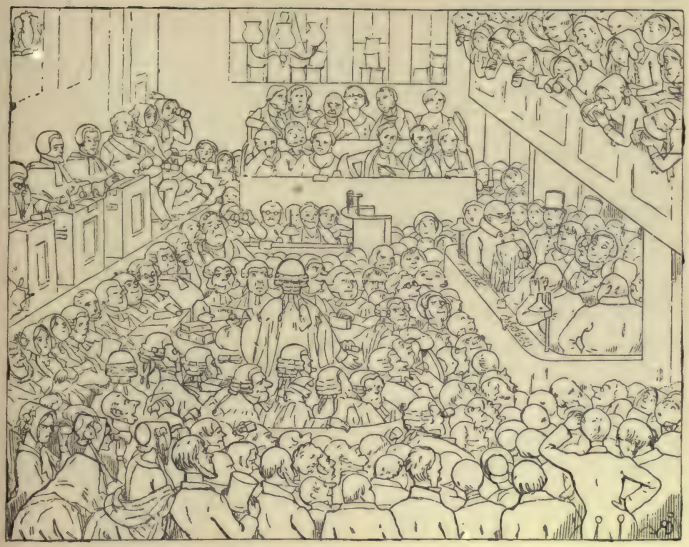
tion House, but they this Year mostly let alone, and more Guys, and ragged Regiments of Boys shouting after them, than ever. The Varlets, as they went, repeating Doggrel Verses, bidding to remember the Day, and asking whomsoever they met for Money for a Bonfire to burn their Guy, and did beg of me; but I would not fling my Money into the Fire. But Lack to think of the Delight I do take in Guy Fawkes, because of his ridiculous Figure, and recollecting how I loved to play with Fireworks on this Day when a Boy; though I know what a Libel is the Holyday on the Roman Catholiques, and the good Reason, though the Doggrel say to the contrary, why Gunpowder Treason should be forgot. But some, who should have known better, did give the Rogues Halfpence and encourage them in a show of Bigotry; albeit the young Ragamuffins know not what it do mean, and care only for the Frolick and Halfpence. From Westminster, by the Back Ways and Streets to Fleet Street, Squibs and Crackers in the Courts and Alleys fizzing and bouncing all the Way, and did in Fleet Street dine at a Chop-house, cost me, with Beer and Punch, 2s.; and so to Tower Hill, where the Banging and Blazing of the Fireworks the greatest of all; and the Roman Candles and Pin-wheels mighty pretty; but some letting off Guns and Pistols put me in Fear. Here presently I did hear a Popping and Cracking behind me; which was a Cracker pinned by some Scapegrace to my Coat-Tail, and did make me jump, and the Standers-by to laugh: which did vex me to the Heart; and Mr. Gregory do say, served me right for countenancing such Doings. But to see the Mob flinging Serpents at each other, and burning and singeing one another like Devils, did much divert me, till a Squib whizzing past me did scorch me in the Face. Truly Guy Fawkes his Day this Time was mighty well kept, and Mr. Howlett do say its better Observance is a revival of Protestant Spirit; but I do agree with Mr. Wagstaffe that Protestancy is not a Doctrine of Fireworks, and must own it were better to bury Guy Fawkes, and not burn him any more.

A BANQUET SHOWYNGE YE FARMERS' FRIEND IMPRESSYNGE ON YE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST THAT IT IS RUINED.

MONDAY, *November* 19, 1849.

BY RAIL TO CLOD'S NORTON, TO MY OLD COUNTRY Friend MR. GILES the Farmer, and with him to the Meeting and yearly Dinner of the North Gruntham Agricultural Society at Grumbleton, at the Plantagenet Arms. A mighty fine and great Dinner; and the Appetite of the Company droll to observe, and hear MR. GILES declare that all the Farmers were starving. I did mightily admire the Breadth and Bigness of the Countrymen, and their round Faces like the Sign of the Rising Sun, but not so bright, for though ruddy, looking glum. My LORD MOUNTBUSHEL in the Chair, very grand and high and mighty, yet gently demeaning himself, and did pledge them about him in Wine with an Obeisance the most stately I think that I did ever see a Man, and wish I could do like him, and with Practice hope to be able. The Dinner over, and

the QUEEN drunk, and the Royal Family, and also the Church and Army and Navy all drunk, the Chairman did propose the Toast of the Evening, which was, Prosperity to the North Gruntham Agricultural Society, and made a Speech, and did tell his Hearers that they and the whole Farming Body were going to the Dogs as fast as they could go; whereat, strange to hear them applaud mightily. He ended his Speech by saying he hoped Gentlemen would that Evening, according to Custom, keep clear of Politics, which Rule SQUIRE HAWEBUCKE next rising to speak, did promise he would observe, and forthwith made a violent Harangue against SIR ROBERT PEEL and MR. COBDEN. After him got up MR. FLUMMERIE, and with great Action, and thumping the Table, spoke for Half-an-Hour, with most brave Flourishes both of his Fists and of Language. He did tell his Audience that they must be up and stirring, and quit them like good Men and true, and did exhort them to rally round the Altar and Throne, and nail their Colours to the Mast, and range themselves under the Banner of Protection; which he did say was a Flag that had braved 1,000 Years the Battle and the Breeze, and if so, should, methinks, be by this time in Tatters. He did say that the British Lion had been long asleep, but was now at last aroused, which do seem a simple Saying, the British Lion being only a fabulous Beast, like the Unicorn, also in the Royal Arms. But to hear how the Company did cheer at this Mouthing, albeit it was the veriest Cant and Stuff; for, good Lack! to think of the Monarchy and Church, and all Morals, Religion, and Government, depending on the price of Wheat! After more Speeches in the same Strain, the British Labourer his Health drunk, and then the Prizes given out; and an old Man of 80, for bringing up a Family without costing the Parish 1d. in 50 Years, did receive £1, and others for honest Service nigh as long, a Jacket, a Smock Frock, or a Pair of Hob-Nail Boots, in Reward of Merit. The Toasts and Speech-making lasted till late, and then we broke up, the Farmers mighty merry, though grumbling, but not more than their Wont, at the Laws and the Weather, but their best Friends say, will have little to complain of either, if they will but mind their Business, and turn seriously to improving their Husbandry.



APPEARANCE OF YE CRYMYNAL COURTE DURING AN "INTERESTYNG" TRYAL FOR MURDER.

FRIDAY, *November* 30, 1849.

UP, AND DID TAKE MY WIFE, WITH A PARTY OF Friends, to the Old Bailey, my Wife having a great Longing to see a Prisoner tried, especially for Murder, and little Pleasure as she do take, poor Wretch, I could not find in my Heart to deny her this. Got our Places in the Gallery, cost me 10s., which did begrudge, and do think it a Scandal to the City to have Money taken at the Old Bailey Doors, as at a Play, yet it do serve to keep the Company choice. And, good Lack! to see the Assemblage of great Folks about us, we sitting close by SIR JESSAMIE SPINKES, and my LORD POUNCETT, and two or three other Lords on the Bench by my Lords the Judges, and the Aldermen, did make the Place look as fine almost as the Opera. But in Truth it was as good as a Play, if not better, to hear the Barristers speak to the Jury, especially the Counsel for the Prisoners, making believe to be

mightily concerned for their Clients, though most observable Rogues, and arguing in their Behalf through Thick and Thin, and striving as hard as they could to prove the Black, that did come out in Evidence against them, White; and pleading their Cause as though they were injured Innocents, with smiting of the Breast, and turning up of the Eyes, more natural than I remember I did ever see any Actor. But methinks they did go a little two far when, cross-examining the Witnesses, they strove to entangle them in their Talk, and confound them, trying to make them blunder, so as to mislead the Jury, which do seem to me only telling a Lie by the Witness his Mouth. And then to hear them labour to destroy the Witnesses' Credit, and make their Oath suspected; and them, however honest, seem Perjurers; and to think that they do practise all this Wickedness only for the Lucre of their Fees! Among the Prisoners some of the most horrid Ruffians that methinks I ever did see, and some, when found guilty and sentenced even to Transportation, skipping out of the Dock, and snapping their Fingers, which did remind me of the Saying, "Merry as Thieves." But others looking mighty dismal, and when the Evidence did tell against them, turning pale and shivering, and we had Eye-Glasses we took with us on Purpose, and through our Eye-Glasses did watch the Quivering of their Features, which, Heaven forgive us! we did take Delight in. Using Eye-Glasses did the more make it seem as if I were at a Play, and what did jump with the Notion was the Bunches of Rue on the Dock in Front of the Prisoners, seeming almost like Nosegays, which glad I am that my Wife and our other Ladies had not with them, for so taken were they with the ranting Barristers and hang-Gallows Ruffians, that I do verily believe they would have flung their Posies to them if they had. Strange that we do make such Account of Criminals, and will sit for Hours to see how it goes with a Villain, when we would not spare five Minutes to the Cause of many an honest Man. But for one good Reason I did take Pleasure in the Old Bailey, which was the Fairness of the Trials, and the Patience of the Judge, and Justness of his summing up, which do cause me mightily to reverence our Law, and to hear and see was pretty.

A PROMENADE CONCERTE.

THURSDAY, *December* 6, 1849.

DID SET MY WIFE, POOR WRETCH! THIS EVENING to mending my Socks, and myself to Drury Lane, to MONSIEUR JULLIEN his Concert. The first Part of the Concert all DR. MENDELSSOHN his Musique, which I did long mightily to hear, and, so to do in Comfort, buy a Ticket for the Dress Circle, cost me 2s. 6d., but found the Seats all full, and obliged to stand the whole While, which made me mad, but a pretty full-eyed young Lady being forced to stand too, and close by me, though with her Brother, did comfort me a little, nôt that she could not sit, but that she was by me. Heard a Symphony that did well please me, seeming to lift me into the Clouds, and was mighty mystical and pretty; and the Musique in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* did give me much Delight, the Twittering throughout the Overture putting me in Mind of Singing-Birds and Fairies and I know not what, and the sleepy Passages very sweet and lulling. Mightily taken with the Prelude to the Mock-Tragedy, *Bottom* his March, as droll Musique

as I ever heard ; but what did most of all delight me was the Wedding March, a noble Piece, and I did rejoice therein, and do think to hire a Band to play it under our Window on my Wedding Day. MONSIEUR JULLIEN in his white Waistcoat and with his Moustachios mighty spruce and as grand as ever, and did conduct the Musique, but so quietly in the first Part that I could scarce have believed it, and methought showed Reverence for the Composer ; which was handsome. But good Lack ! to see him presently, when he come to direct "*God Save the Queen*," flourish his Batoon, and act the mad Musician ! All the Company rising and taking off their Hats to hear that majestical Anthem, presently some most ridiculous and impertinent Variations set all the House a laughing and some hissing, and I do suspect MONSIEUR JULLIEN had a special Audience this night, that would not away with such Tricks. Between the Parts of the Concert, I into the Pit to walk about among the Sparks, where a great Press, the House crammed to the Ceiling. In the Refreshment and Reading Rooms, young Blades and Lasses drinking of Coffee and eating of Ices, and Reading of the News, with Shrubs and Statues round about, and the House all White and Gold, and brightly lighted, mighty gay ; and the Sparks jaunty, but not, I think, wearing such flaming Neckcloths and Breast Pins as they were wont. Heard in Part second some Musique of the *Prophète*, full of Snorting of Brass Instruments and Tinkling of Triangles, and a long Waltz that did give me the Fidgets, and nothing please me at all, save JETTY TREFFZ her singing of "*Trab, trab*," which was pretty. Lastly, the Row-Polka played, and well-named and very droll and absurd, with Chiming-in of Voices and other monstrous Accompaniments, a good ridiculous rough Musique. But many of the Hearers did hiss, methought with Unreason, the Polka being no emptier than any other Polka, and having some Joke in it. Home, the Wedding March running in my Head, and glad to find good Musique drawing so great a House, which I do hope will be a Hint to MONSIEUR JULLIEN.

Ye Serpentyne during a hard Frost. Ye Publique upon it.

Tuesday, *January* 29, 1850.

UP, AND AFTER BREAKFAST, TO WHICH A NEW laid Egg at this Time of Year cost me 2d., to Hyde Park to see the Skating on the Serpentine, very admirable and mighty good Mirth. The Members of the Skating Club, with their Booth by the Ice mighty select, yet do as it were perform for the Amusement of the British Publique. Pretty to see them cut out Figures of 8, and in a Sort dance Quadrilles upon the Ice, which I very much wish I could do myself, but cannot skate at all, and never could, but whenever I tried to always tumbled down, generally a Squat, which hurt me. Upon the Ice all sorts of People high and low, great and little, old and young, Women and Children, indeed a Multitude of the British Publique altogether. With their Hollaing and Shouting a continual Roar like the Cawing and Clacking of innumerable Rooks and Jackdaws. Pretty to see the Chairs and Forms on the Brink of the Ice, where dirty Boys and Men do ply with Skates for Hire, and kneeling and screwing and straping them on to Skater's

Feet turn a good Penny. Many fine Girls also, both fair and black, skating in their warm Furs and Muffs mighty snug and elegant, please me most of all; and a Troop of Schoolgirls walk two and two along the Shore very pretty. Fun to see how the Skaters do throw themselves into all manner of Postures, and how many of them tumble down, and sprawl about, and roll over one another topsy-turvy, and kick their Heels in the Air. Also the Unskilful beginning to learn to skate helped on to the Ice, and an old Woman pulled on by a lively Urchin, make me laugh heartily. But the most ridiculous Sight the Lower Sort, not skating but sliding, Butcher Lads, and Costermongers, and Street Boys with Sticks and Bludgeons in their Hands, and some in their Mouths short Pipes, smoking while they slide, which I wonder how they can. Good Lack, to see them come the Cobbler's Knock as they say, and keep the Pot a-boiling! Likewise how of a Fellow upon the Ice with a Potato Can upon a Fire-Basket, they buy and eat roast Potatoes which the Sellers cry *Taturs all hot*! The Street Boys, too, where the Ice at the Sides thin, flock together nigh the Edge, and throw Stones breaking the Ice, and I did hear one of the Varlets as his Pebble crash through cry, "There goes a Window," and could not but laugh, though I would fain have boxed his Ears. On Top of a Pole in one Part of the Ice a Board marked "Dangerous," nevertheless many so foolhardy as to skate close to it, until at last the Ice broke and a Fool went in and was like to have drowned, but the Humane Society's Men did come with Drags, and one of them fish him out by the Scuff of his Trowsers, mighty laughable. They carry him off to the Receiving House, where they chafe and wrap him in warm Blankets to bring him to, and give him hot Brandy and Water to recruit him and send him Home Comfortable, and so reward him for his Folly, and encourage other Fools to imitate his silly Example. Methinks such an idle Companion were well served if, instead of getting hot Grog, he were sent Home with a good Hiding.

A FASHIONABLE CLUB. FOUR O'CLOCK P.M.

THURSDAY, *February* 14, 1850.

THIS AFTERNOON AT FOUR O'CLOCK WITH GUBBYNS to the Leviathan Club whereof he is a member, and do mean to propose me to be a Member too which I very much wish, only fear I may be black-balled but hope not. To-day he take me over the Club to see it, which delight me much, and good Lack to see how splendid the Building and the Carvings and Gildings of the Walls and Windows, for all the World like a Palace, wherein a private Man every Day of his Life may live like a King, as I should like to. All the Rooms as full as could be of all Manner of Comforts and Conveniences, especially the great Room where the Members do sit in easy Chairs with well-stuffed soft Backs and Cushions lined with lovely smooth shining Morocco Leather, or loll along on Sofas and Ottomans the same, and read the Reviews and Papers and are served by Footmen in Livery with Glasses of Sherry and Tumblers of Brandy and Soda Water, all at their Ease, and enjoy such Accommodation as I think I never could have imagined unless I

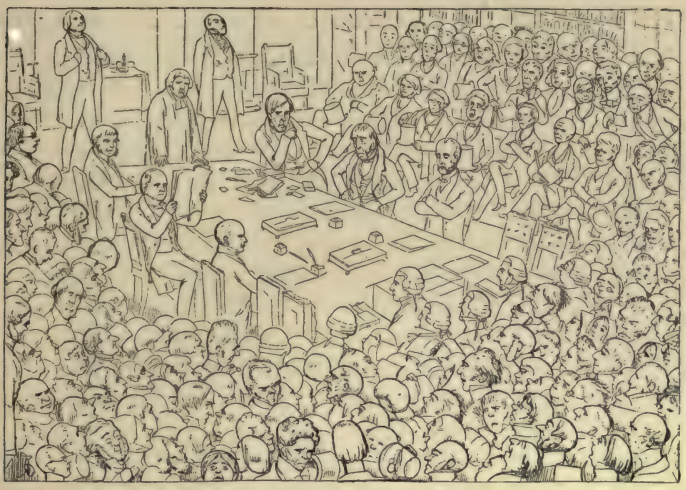
had seen. Curious to observe the different Readers and the Paper each reading; a Parliament or City Man the Times, a Member, I take it, of the Protestant Association at Exeter-Hall the Morning Herald, another the Standard, newspapers the wits call Mrs. GAMP and Mrs. HARRIS, which is great Roguery. Some in Groups stand a gossiping, some looking out of Windows down on the People in the Street as they go by, mighty agreeable to such as are well off, and would give me very much Pleasure. Others with their Backs to the Fire, and one methought a Country Squire striding in front of the Grate, with his Hands behind him under his Coat Tails warming himself and looking abroad over his Neckcloth, as though upon his Parish, and as if he were Monarch of all he surveyed; mighty dignified and droll. Likewise a Youth of some Condition, but somewhat too like a Shopboy, in a pretty ridiculous Posture, eyeing himself in a Pier Glass, did, with his walking Cane sticking athwart his Arm, divert me. The Magazines, Guide Books, Post Directories, and so on lying about on the Tables mighty handy, and I did note also a Pack of Cards and hear some of the Club Men do play. After going all over the Club-house, and the Lavatories and all, GUBBYNS take me to dine with him in the Strangers' Room, and a mighty good Dinner with excellent Claret, cost him how much I did not like to ask, but no doubt much more cheap and better than it would have come to in the cheapest tolerable Inn. Thence, after dinner, to the Smoking Room to smoke a Cigar, and drink Seltzer Water and Brandy, and, after Talk of the News, and all the Rumour about Town, and a good deal of Scandal, and some Roguish Conversation, Home, and so to Bed.

THE CIRCUS AT ASTLEY'S.

FRIDAY, *March* 8, 1850.

TO THE CIRCUS AT ASTLEY'S LATE, SO MISSED THE Grand Equestrian Drama, which vex me not much, for the Acting only Horseplay. But in time to see the Horsemanship in the Circle, which was what I wanted, and got a good Place in the Boxes, but would have preferred the Pit, except for the Company, which is of the Lower Sort, and there they do sit with their Hats on, and eat Oranges and drink Soda Water and Ginger Beer, which make me ashamed. Pretty riding on a Cream-coloured Horse by a pretty black girl, and on horseback dancing carried a basket of Flowers, and dance mighty pretty, but being above I could but look down upon little but her Head, which did somewhat vex me that I was not below in the Pit. Also a Fellow in the Dress of an Italian Robber they call a Brigand ride on three Horses at once, and please me I think as much as anything I ever saw in my Life. One of the Horses he rode piebald, the others spotted, pretty to see. Curious to observe the Riding Master continually smacking his Whip to keep the Horses galloping close to the Circle, but above all the Head Riding Master they call WIDDICOMBE in a Uni-

form with Epaulettes, as it were a Generalissimo, mighty pompous and droll, divert me beyond measure, and good Lack to hear, between the Horsemanship, the dialogues between WIDDICOMBE and the Clown. As the Clown walking before WIDDICOMBE out of the Ring, WIDDICOMBE say "Stop, Sir, go behind; I never follow the Fool." "Don't you," say the Clown, "then I do," and walk after him; which tickle me and make me laugh, so that I was like to burst my Sides. And Lack to see the Dignity of WIDDICOMBE, how grand he bear himself and look down upon the Clown as an inferior Being, calling him generally Fool, or else sometimes more gracious, Mr. Merriman. I do hear WIDDICOMBE is now an old Man, but his Cherry Cheeks, and black Hair and Eyebrows, make him look young, and his Waistcoat padded well out on the Chest takes from his Paunch, and though no Doubt he be made up, he make himself up mighty clever. All this while the Orchestra, mostly of Brass, trumpeting and banging away the most suitable Music to the Performance I think that ever could be played except the Tongs and Bones. About me in the Boxes great Numbers of Small Children, both Boys and Girls, some Babies almost, enjoy the Spectacle as much as any, and I do like to see them, and think they with their Mirth do make their Elders enjoy it all the more, and did think I should have liked to have had some of my own to take with me, but then thinking of the Expense of a Family make me better content with None. The Horsemanship mighty good Fun for the Children, but serious Entertainment to the grown-up, and strange to see how earnest they sit and gaze and stare with their Eyes wide open, and their Minds also fixed upon the Horses, and to perceive that they who think so much of Horses do commonly think very little upon much else, and how many there be of that Sort among the English People. After Astley's in a Cab to the Albion Tavern, where a Dish of Kidneys, a Welsh Rarebit, a Pint of Stout, and a Go of Whisky cost me 3s., and so Home in another Cab and so to Bed.



Ye Fathers of ye Churche Gyving Judgmente upon ye Knotty Point.

Saturday, *March* 9, 1850.

TO THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF PRIVY COUNCIL to hear Judgment delivered in the great Gorham Case, the Reverend Mr. Gorham against the Bishop of Exeter for refusing to institute him to the Living of Bramford Speke, which the Bishop refuse because Mr. Gorham deny Baptismal Regeneration. The Court of Arches gave sentence for the Bishop, and Gorham then appeal to the Privy Council. A great Commotion among the Clergy, and not a little among the People also. The High Church hold, with the Bishop of Exeter, the same Opinion of Baptism as the Catholiques, and the Low do side with Gorham and the Baptists and most other Dissenters. To the Council Chamber betimes, and did get a good Place and hear very well. The Chamber all the public Part of it crammed with as many People as could well get in. Lack, to see what Numbers of the Clergy here, both High Church and Low, and distinguish them by their Looks, and their Dress, and particularly by their Ties and Waistcoats. Also

present many Dissenters and Roman Catholiques, and among the Catholiques I did note Bishop WISEMAN the Catholique Bishop of Melipotamus, and Vicar Apostolique of the London District in the front Row next my Lord the President's Chair, pricking up his Ears. By and by in come the Lords of the Council and take their places, mighty Grave, yet as they sit do seem to take it easy. They sit at a Table in the midst of the Chamber, where, among them, Lords Brougham and Campbell look mighty ill-favoured and droll. Behind, towards the Bookshelves, the Lay Lords, but with them a Bishop in his Knee Breeches and Apron, and a Shovel Hat in his Hand. Among the Lay Lords the EARL of CARLISLE, a Great Nobleman, and do look noble, and very much like LISTON the Player. Hush, and Silence, even the Ladies, of whom some present in the Crowd, when my Lord LANGDALE rise to deliver Judgment, which he did mighty clever, and lay down the Law, but no theological Argument, which I expected to hear, but did not. For he said the Committee have no Authority to determine Points of Doctrine, and whether Baptismal Regeneration were true or false, but only whether the Clergy were bound to hold it, or free to deny it, by the Thirty-nine Articles. And by that Rule he gave Judgment for GORHAM against the BISHOP, and I see not how he could have done otherwise, nor why the High Church should be so aghast and angry, nor WISEMAN smile and look so merry and scornful as he did, and seem so mightily diverted. So the BISHOP will have to submit, and institute GORHAM, or else resign his Bishoprick, which I dare swear he will not. Nor do I much fear that many of the High Church Clergy will leave the Church, as some prophesy, and turn Catholiques, and relinquish the Loaves and Fishes. Methinks it is a mighty good Thing that both High Church Clergy and Low are bound only by the Articles as interpreted by the Law Lords in the Judicial Committee, and not by themselves on either one Side or the other, for of all Men methinks the Clergy of every Sect have less than any of a Judicial Mind.

A JUVENILE PARTY.

WEDNESDAY, *April* 24, 1850.

WITH MY WIFE THIS EVENING TO MR. HARTLEY'S to a Children's Party, but some grown up, and among them me and my Wife, though we have no Children, which vex me, but not much, for Children mighty expensive and cost money, and, if I had them, would only force me to deny myself a great many Pleasures I now enjoy, and could not then afford. A large Drawing Room very fine, and well lighted up, and so many Children of all Ages down to Babies almost as I think I did never before, altogether in one room, see. Pretty to see how the little Boys and Girls dance when MYNHEER SCHLAMM thump and bang the Piano, and some of the very smallest taught to dance nearly as soon as they could walk, and how they stand in Position and point their Toes with heels close together, and arms hanging down, as they do when the Dancing-Master teach them their dancing Lessons. And to see how pleased all the Girls to dance, but not all the Boys, but a good many of them look unhappy, yet pretty to observe how a few little Boys make love to the little Girls, and one little Boy offer a little Girl a Nosegay, like a young Gallant, and she take it

with the Air of a Coquette mighty pretty. But most of the Boys make a great deal more Love to the good Things on the Tables; the Sweets and Pastry, Jelly, Blanc-Mange, Tarts, Pies, Tipsy-Cake, Trifle, and Ice-creams, and good Lack how they push, and scramble, and hold out their plates, to get slices of Cake, while HARTLEY cut up a great rich Cake like a Twelfth-cake and share it between them, and they eat and stuff all they can, and I fear me some of them ill to-morrow if not before. Droll to see a little Boy stand astride stuffing into his Mouth a Pie whole like a Panto-mime Clown. Another small Boy sitting down upon a Pile of Plates set by on the Floor, they having been eaten from, in the Remains of Trifle, cause great Laughter. So did a fat Dame with her little Boy and Girl, and an Arm round each, like a great plump Fowl, a Gizzard under one Wing and Liver beneath the other. Droll to see HARTLEY'S little girl sit in her Grandmother's Chair beside her Crutch, where her Grandmother hobbling in did find her, and to think that she too will be such another old Woman, one of these Days, if she live. Some of the bigger Boys public School Boys, mighty grand, and a few wearing Spectacles like young Owls. Mrs. HARTLEY'S Brother, Mr. ST. LEGER, dress him-self like a Conjuror, in a conjuring Cap with magick Characters on it, and conjure with Cards, and Oranges, and little Images, and Dolls, mighty clever, and I do mean to get him if I can to teach me. One Thing made me laugh heartily was to see the Page they call BUTTONS stand behind him while he conjure, BUTTONS with his Eyes staring wide open, and he grinning with his Mouth from Ear to Ear. The young Folk after Supper to dance again, and romp, and play at Blindman's Buff, and meanwhile the elder sup too, and I and my Wife on cold Fowl and Ham, and Lobster Salad, and Champagne, mighty merry, and so Home be-times mighty comfortable, and methinks I do like a Children's more than any other Evening Party, to see the Children and their Elders also, play the Fool, and to break up, and get Home early, and so with Content and Comfort to Bed.

GRANDE REVIEW.

WEDNESDAY, *May* 15, 1850.

UP, AND TO ST. JAMES'S PARK, TO SEE ON THE Parade Ground, the Inspection, as usual upon the Queen's Birthday, appointed to be celebrated beforehand this Day, of a Battalion of the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards, and a Troop of the Royal Horse Guards they call the Blues. Through a Friend at Court, got, with a choice Few, a good Place, nigh the Sentry with the Colours, where he stood to keep the Ground, and the Publique at a Distance, where I also wish always to keep yet pleased to see them. The Troops reviewed by the Commander in Chief, Field Marshal the DUKE of WELLINGTON, and with him the other Field Marshals, Prince ALBERT and the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, made Field Marshals I suppose for the martial Deeds they would no doubt have done, if they had ever had the chance in the Field. Field Marshal the PRINCE, the Colonel of the Scots Fusiliers, and Field Marshal the Royal DUKE of the Coldstream,

and the great Field Marshal the DUKE of WELLINGTON, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. Besides the Field Marshals, at their Heels a great Staff of Officers, of Lancers and Hussars, and the EARL of CARDIGAN among them, looking mighty fierce. The DUKE of WELLINGTON at their Head riding gently along inspecting his Regiment standing in their big Caps of Bearskin, which do seem much too big for them though they mostly six feet high, a mighty brave sight, yet a comical, as the men stood shouldering Arms with their Heels together, and their Toes turned out like the little Girls and Boys I did see dance at a Children's Party. Glad to get so good a View as I had of the Duke, and wonderful to see how well and firm he sits his horse, and he now fourscore-and-two Years old, and to think what a great General he is and do look, and with his Eagle Nose, very much resemble *Mr. Punch*. The Officers of the Staff bestriding their Horses very gallant, and the Horses most noble Animals and their prancing very pretty. Good Sport to see a Dragoon ride keeping Order, flourish and point drawn Sword at a fat old Woman who with a cotton Umbrella and Arms spread all abroad in Terror, run out of his Way, and Policemen with their Staves closing in as it were to catch the old Woman. Other Policemen rushing to and fro, help the Soldiers keep the Ground, and the British Publique back, and beat back them that would fain press too forward with their staves. Pleasant in a Place where plenty of Elbow-Room, to behold the British Publique, around one in the Midst the Likeness of JOHN BULL, perched on a Barrel, jostled one against the other, push and scramble and tread upon one another's Toes, and tumble topsy-turvy some of them and Head over Heels; when I had got comfortable Standing in the meanwhile with a Dozen or so of the Better Sort, and two or three Poodle and Terrier Dogs, in the Middle of the Parade where the Troops were inspected, got in I suppose by Favour, like me. But, good Lack, to think what playing at Soldiers now a holiday Review like this do seem, and think at the same time what serious Work the DUKE of WELLINGTON hath seen and done in his Day, which how many seem to forget, and almost think him a Humbug, and if ever and how soon we shall have the like to do again, and find another such a Man, to do it.

A PIC-NIC.

THURSDAY, *May* 23, 1850.

WITH MY WIFE TO A PIC-NIC PARTY. I TO CONtent her more than to please myself, and to think how I always study her Pleasure more than my own, and sacrifice my own Inclinations to hers always. For I prefer to eat good Things off a Plate or a Table, and not upon my Knees. Besides, the Fly hired to carry us from Home and back, cost me three Guineas. The Pic-Nic in my Lord Bilberry's Park, where the Ruins of an old Abbey, open by my Lord's Allowance, People come to see from all Parts, gipsying, and making merry and dancing basely among the Ruins. These with mouldering Arches and Stones overgrown with Moss, and Lichen, and Ivy, mighty venerable, and set off by a Youth with long Hair and turned-down Collar, leaning on a broken Pillar, striking an attitude and staring at the Sky, as though musing on Infinity but in Truth fancying himself an Object of Admiration. But, he wrapt up in that Mistake, and forgetting his Meals, the rest intent altogether on the good Things from Fortnum and Mason's and the Pastry Cook's; and good Lack to see

how they, to the Number of nigh forty Men, Women, and Girls, pitch into the Ham and Chicken, and the Cold Meat and Lobster Salad, and Pigeon and Veal and Ham Pie, and therewith drink bottled Ale and Stout, whereof a fat Serving Man in Livery, hardly drawing a Quart Bottle, mighty comical, and also a Page, who, carrying Plates, kick against a Wasps' Nest and raise the Wasps about his Ears and there he stand fighting them with a Knife, his Face in the Centre of the swarm the Image of Horror. The Younger Men mostly mighty Polite, they, and especially one with a fine slim Figure and hooked Nose, with constrained Postures, making Obeisance as they serve the Girls with Beer and Wine, whereof they as well as the Men mostly drink their Whack, and pretty to see how one most elegant Damsel seem falling into a happy Dream and how with her Hair flowing all adown she droop her Eyelids, muzzy. But some did get full of Fun, and a little Rogue I see pour the Heel-tap of a Champagne Glass into the Face of a Youngster, who, lying on his Back, had fallen on Sleep. The Managers of the Collection also mighty attentive, doing the Honours, and rare to see one of them, a fine portly Man, carve Slices off Great Round of Beef, in high Glee. But another rising from his Camp Stool to hand a Plate to a fine fat Dame, she and her pretty Daughter suddenly frighted by a Toad and Frog, which crawl and hop towards them out of some Flags by the Water, start back in Horror, and startle him and make him upset several Wine Glasses and the Water Can, and stamp on and smash a Plate. Among the Elders worth noting a lean old Professor, and his Neighbour a smug Lawyer how they gave their whole minds to most serious Eating, and also one or two of the younger Men did nought but stuff themselves; but most made Love; and pretty to see a loving Couple clink Glasses together, while other Pairs having had enough, saunter and strut about among and outside the Ruins. Good Lack to think what a Deal we ate and drank between us, and how famished on one Hand looked a lean old Labourer in a Smock Frock with a chubby but hungry little Clown, eyeing the picked Bones, while a Cur on the other did, in his Mouth, run away with the Wing of a Fowl.

VAUXHALL.

MONDAY, *July* 15, 1850.

THIS EVENING TO VAUXHALL, WHERE A GALA Night and much Company, mostly of the middling Sort, except the worse. Very few Gentlemen of any Condition do now visit this Place, but plenty of the whippersnapper Sparks that Shopmen used to call Gents, and a very good Word to distinguish them, although a vile, as much as to say Snobs. The better Sort of all there chiefly Medical Students. No Place for Ladies, but here and there a respectable but stupid Farmer from the Country with his Wife or Daughter. A bare, faded kind of a Garden, patched with shabby Trees, variegated Lamps hanging to their Branches among smoky Leaves. The Lamps do seem the main Attraction, the Bill of Entertainments advertise 10,000 additional every Night, which seems great Folly. However, the Outlines of all the Buildings picked out with parti-coloured Lamps mighty gay. A wooden Building on one Side called the Rotunda, where an Orchestra and they sing, and opposite an Alcove where a Band in Uniform play at the same Time Tunes which the Gents and their Partners dance to, waltzing and spinning round like Teetotums, droll to look upon. The Partners some pretty but nearly all ill-looking,

and one or two horribly ill-favoured, and to see the People sit and look on, and among them a fat Country Wife, and prim starched old Maid very thin, make me ashamed. Also a fat singing Woman sung a Song, not at all to my Liking, and did throw herself about and make faces. Another Alcove hung with Lamps in Festoons, and in the Middle a Circus Theatre and a Crowd at the Door crowding to See a Dancing Girl jump through Hoops and dance upon Horseback. Other Alcoves with Seats for Eating and Drinking, and they eat Ham and Chicken, and I a Plate cost me 2s. 6d., and the Ham mighty thin, which is Vauxhall Fashion, and they drink Arrack, a Spirit I was curious to taste, and did and never shall again. But what did please me was a Drink newly come in from America, and called Sherry Cobbler, made of Sherry and Orange and lumps of Ice, and sucked up into the Mouth with a Straw, which to see two Gents do for the first Time did take me mightily, and I did do likewise, mighty cool and refreshing and did delight me much, and three Cobblers cost me 3 Shillings. Amused to see the Gents strut about so jaunty smoking Cigars, I think Cabbage Leaf steeped in Tobacco-Juice. They also drink Rhubarb Wine they call Champagne cost them 10s. a bottle, and bottled Stout, and good Lack to see the Lots of empty Bottles on the by-Tables! An old Fellow with a Pot-Paunch that had had too much Drink fallen asleep, a comical Sight, whilst pretty to see the Waiters dance Attendance with the Refreshments, and hear the hollaing and shouting, and altogether a good Deal of Fun, but dreary; but a Family of little Boys and Girls with their fat Father mighty merry, and clap their Hands to see the Balloon go up in another Part of the Gardens. A grand Display of Fireworks to conclude diverted me too, and so Home and to Bed, hoping after my Evening's Entertainment I shall not wake with a Headache in the Morning.

A SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY (*further date wanting in MS.*).
WEEKLY EVENING MEETING.

THIS EVENING TO THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, TO hear Professor OWEN, the Hunterian Professor to Surgeons' College, Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy and Physiology, on the Nature of Limbs. To the Institution early, to the Theatre, and there got a good Place, the Theatre already filling and soon crammed like any Playhouse where some leading Actor make his appearance in a great Part, Gallery and all, as they say, to the Ceiling. The Audience sitting on semi-circular Benches covered with red Stuff, Tier above Tier, behind the select Visitors to the Front in reserved Chairs. A mighty droll Sea of Faces, mostly wry, with Eyes peering and squinting, many through Spectacles, though some well-featured, one here and there a great Head, but few handsome, Ladies excepted, a good Sprinkling of belles, and they look mighty pretty, the rather by Comparison with their Elders, the strong-minded Women, and the Philosophers around them, for the greater Part to look at, as the Vulgar Phrase is, a rum Lot. In the Centre of the reserved Seats an Arm-Chair for the Chair-

man facing the Lecture Table, whereon Prints and Papers, a Book and a Water-Carafe and Tumbler. Behind on a Showboard on the Wall Diagrams and Plates of Skeletons of Extinct Animals, Fish, and Flying Lizards, and a Dinotherium, and Mastodon, and Mammoth, and withal a human Skull, the People contemplate, and the Ladies and Damsels even, with Complacence, and to think all those pretty Creatures have Skeletons in themselves! By-and-by at eight, enter the Chairman and take the Chair, a fine fat portly Man with a great Jole, and solemn Look, mighty noble, and was, a Medical Student say, an awful Swell. Then in come the Lecturer, the Professor, to great clapping of Hands, and he make his Bow, and begin. I mighty taken with his Discourse, and to see him point out with a long Wand he lean upon while he lecture, the Bones and other Parts in the Diagrams of the Skeletons behind him he Describe, and explain how this and that Bone, the same as a human Bone, exist only in a different Form in Animals, and strange the Pterodactyl's Wing-bone a great little Finger. Lack to think of such Animals nothing remain but fossil Bones, and the Animals, Geologists say, did live and die Ages before Adam, shake some People's Faith. But Mr. HOLDFAST think Geology Bosh, extinct Quadrupeds Monsters destroyed in ancient Times by the Heroes. Likewise the Fish Lizards and Pterodactyles Dragons, ST. GEORGE and the Dragon all true, and ST. GEORGE did verily slay a Dragon, and Accounts of real Reptiles under the name of Dragons handed down by Tradition; their Bones now dug up out of the Earth witness Legends true, and no Fable, and reconcile Orthodoxy with Science. However he do not say he believe they belch Fire and Smoke. So my Thoughts a little wandering from Professor OWEN's Lecture, to listen attentively, but the Air so foul with much Breath and burning of Gas that I at last nearly asleep and fain to pinch myself to keep awake. Strange, in the chief of Chemical Lecture Rooms such bad Ventilation. But to think what a Philosopher Professor OWEN is and can tell an unknown Animal whether Bird or Beast by a single Bone, and the French may brag of Monsieur CUVIER, but England have as good Reason to be proud of Professor OWEN.

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